The PASSING *of* THE AMERICAN

By MONROE ROYCE

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New York

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PREFACE

"In fifty years from now New York will be what the Italians make it." I take this statement from a circular written by an Italian and distributed at the New York Diocesan Episcopal Convention held on November 9th and 10th, 1910. This paper was printed and circulated by authority of some of the most prominent New York churchmen, including the Rector of Trinity Church, the Archdeacon of New York and the Bishop of the Diocese. The object of this circular was to solicit aid in establishing a religious periodical for the special propagation of Episcopal Church views amongst Italians. The circular states that "there are already nine hundred thousand Italians in Greater New York"; and I suppose the Germans, Slavs, Scandinavians, and other peoples, either foreign born or of foreign origin—that is, without American parentage or tradition—constitute at least two and a half million more. This will leave, at the very highest estimate, one million native-born Americans. In other and plainer words, the Metropolitan city of America is not quite one-

fifth American.* This is rather startling. For it is perfectly plain that if one-half of these non-American peoples should get together and agree as touching any matter whatsoever, they could easily accomplish their purpose.

What is true in Greater New York will soon, very soon, be true in New England, and, in a few more generations—judging from the present trend of things—it will be true throughout the whole United States of America.

What do we think of the prospect? We, the offspring of the "Pilgrim Fathers" of New England and the cavaliers of Virginia? Whatever we may think of it, one thing is certain, we must face it, and the sooner we face it the better. Not, I trust, in any hostile spirit to the stranger within our gates, but from a feeling of sheer self-preservation.

What then are we going to do about it? First of all it will, I think, be well to find out, if we can, how this truly extraordinary if not alarming state of things has come to pass. And next how we native Americans may hope to keep some footing, however small, some influence and power, however much diminished, in shap-

* Since writing these words I have heard the Rector of St. George's Church, New York, say at a public dinner that "in the population of Greater New York there is only one native American to twenty foreigners." I quote this to show that I am disposed to understate rather than overstate the case.

ing the destinies of our fatherland. This is now, so I think, almost the chief patriotic duty of every true American.

It is true, of course, that the hopes, and fears, and aims of all American citizens, whatever their place of birth, are, or should be, one, without regard to race or descent. But it is also true that we Americans, who inherit the blood, the traditions, and the ideals of the founders of the Republic, have a fiduciary responsibility for the future character of the nation, which cannot attach—in the same degree at least—to those who have arrived later on these ever hospitable shores; and whose traditions and ideals are, and in the nature of things must be, different from and less homogeneous than those of the native-born citizens.

It is not then to any party or race spirit that I appeal, but to a broad and deep patriotism, a patriotism that shall seek to direct this vast democratic nation in the true spirit of its founders; and the true interests of all the people. For it is not possible that these millions of immigrants, compounded of all races and nations, cut loose from the restraints of home, and law, and religion; without education in the science of government, and without anything like an adequate knowledge of the theory, to say nothing of the practice, of the government of this country—I say it is not possible for such citi-

zens,—if citizens they can properly be called,—to act wisely, either for the public good, or for their own special wellbeing.

We native Americans have therefore, I repeat, a fiduciary responsibility from which we should not shirk, however much we may be misunderstood and misjudged by these strangers who throng our portals. For we hold in trust the ideals of government, of morals, and of religion, handed down to us by our forebears.

New York, *April*, 1911.

INTRODUCTION

I RETURNED to America a year and a half ago, after an absence of twelve years in Europe. I stopped in New York at an hotel opposite Grace Church, and after securing quarters I walked up Broadway to Fourteenth Street. It was the midday meal hour, and the streets were thronged with all sorts and conditions of men, and yet not one word of English did I hear spoken from Tenth to Fourteenth Streets. The first impression stunned me and I found myself in a dazed condition, unable to adjust myself to my surroundings, and actually doubting the reality of the scene about me. I walked on to Union Square. The benches were full of men and women, and as I passed by them I listened, but no word of our national tongue did I hear, and I returned to my hotel wondering what it all meant. The next day was Sunday, and I spent the afternoon in the Bronx Park. I arrived by the Third Avenue Elevated, entered at the eastern gate, and walked through the park to the Botanical Gardens. The park was full of people, young and old. I asked my way six times, and in every case save one was answered in a foreign voice, and in two cases in a

foreign tongue. Even the officials, those at least to whom I spoke, were of foreign origin. I spent the entire afternoon, from half-past two to half-past six, walking about and observing, and I am convinced that in all this vast multitude of men, women, and children there was not one in ten American, either by birth or descent. On another Sunday, some months later, I spent an afternoon in Central Park, and listened to an out-door concert or musical festival, in which at least five hundred Germans took part, and there was nothing but an occasional American flag to remind me that I was in my native land; and I should say that the proportion of American-born people present was even less than on my earlier visit to the Bronx. And moreover, let me say in passing, that I do not believe it would be possible in the whole of America to get together so large a number of native singers.

My experiences in and around New York determined me to go further afield, and for the last twelve months, and more, I have been moving about, north, south, east, and west, making the observations, acquiring the experiences, and gathering the data which form the basis of this volume.

This recent experience and study, added to a very wide previous knowledge of my native land, have, I venture to think, fitted me in a somewhat special manner to see and appreciate

the rapid, vast, and truly alarming changes which have taken place in American life and character during the last twenty, or even ten years. These changes are of course seen and recognized by all observant and serious-minded people; but they are seen with a more vivid, a more startling distinctness by one who, like myself, has been away from this country for a dozen years or more.

The situation in New England I found even more changed than in New York State, outside of Manhattan. Let me give a few facts to illustrate what I mean. Waterbury, Connecticut, has a population of about thirty thousand, twenty thousand being aliens. Even in the classic towns of New Haven and Hartford—the seats of long-established colleges with their aristocratic associations—the non-American population is growing with a rapidity which, if continued for another decade or so, will outnumber the native inhabitants. There has been something like a special exodus of lusty young men from southern Italy to these conservative Yankee towns during the last four years. Boston and Lowell have long since been practically in the hands of foreigners, if they did but know it. And they will know it sooner or later. The only care of these people now is to make a living and to get a stake in the new land. They have no time, therefore, at present, for social

or political matters, and they leave these things for the nonce to the natives. But when they feel their feet firmly planted in this new land they will then turn to social and political questions, and make a short shrift of the Yankees that are left.

But parts of New Jersey are even more hopelessly de-Americanized than is New England. Perth Amboy is at least three to one non-American in the character of its inhabitants, and this has come to pass almost wholly within the last ten years. Cincinnati and Milwaukee have virtually been German cities for a quarter of a century, and Chicago hardly less so. But the German is a homogeneous population with habits and ideals similar to our own, and with an intelligence even superior to the native population, and taken all in all they constitute the very best element in our national body politic, and the more we have of them the better, for we have nothing to fear and everything to hope from the Teutonic immigrant, who is our own kinsman. But, unfortunately, the Slav and Latin races are now sending vastly more people to our shores than the Teutonic. German immigration in fact has nearly ceased.

After the first shock caused by the startling changes I saw on every hand, I began to look about me with more deliberation and discrimination; and the first thing I found was the fact

that nearly all the work—manual labor I mean —in town and country is being done by the foreigner*—that is, by men and women without American birth or descent. I have been at some pains to investigate this matter, and I find, for example, that in the work of loading and unloading steamers and all kinds of ocean and river craft, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, there are hardly ten per cent of Americans employed. And this is more or less true along the whole length of the Atlantic and Pacific coast lines. The foreigner is doing this work in the east, and north, and west, and the negro in the south.

The same is true of railroad construction and repairing, street making and cleaning, house cleaning, etc. Nearly all the trolley conductors, janitors, and caretakers are foreigners. Concerning the nationality of carpenters, masons, painters, smiths, and other kinds of artisans, I cannot speak with so much certainty, but will give a little personal experience which, while it does not furnish a very wide basis for an induction, may serve as a straw to show how the wind blows. I live in a bachelor apartment in a very central part of New York City. The agents of this apartment are Amer-

* I can think of no better word to express my meaning: and I use the expressions "foreigner" and "alien" throughout this volume with no intention to be invidious or in any way offensive.

ican; the superintendent and the housekeeper are English, and the servants employed in or about this building of twenty-four apartments are foreigners. The apartment was redecorated for my reception, and the carpenters, the painters, the paperhangers, etc., were all, every man of them, foreign born. This can hardly be a mere accident. Wherever I take a meal—in hotel, restaurant, or private house, I am served solely by foreigners. There is not, and never has been, such a thing as a real native American servant. Americans have sometimes been silly enough to boast of this fact, but we are now beginning to feel that it would be a great blessing to be surrounded in our homes by people of our own race and nation. This would be a double blessing; it would bless those who serve as well as those who are served. But alas, we have no one trained for this perfectly honorable, pleasant, and well-paid employment. And at least half of the many millions paid out every year, for domestic service, goes out of the country.

Living as I do in the chief city of America, it seems odd that I should seldom, if ever, meet or see Americans except in a social or professional way; and the professions are being rapidly filled by men of foreign names.

Now the people who do the work of a country, if they be not slaves, will in good time possess that land.

Let me show you how this is done. Ten years ago some Polacks settled in and about a small Connecticut town not a hundred miles from Manhattan island. When they first arrived they hired themselves out as farm hands and general laborers. To-day more than half of these Polacks own the farms on which they once worked as laborers. I will give the name of this town to any one who is curious to know it, and who will back his curiosity with a stamped envelope containing name and address.

But I know more than one such case. I know dozens of similar cases, have heard of many more, and believe there are hundreds to be found within the borders of New York and New Jersey, to say nothing of New England and the South.

Professor Hart of Harvard has recently written his lamentations over the passing of the old New England type. Yes, the Yankee no longer counts in the industrial and commercial life of New England, and in his place is to be found the Italian, the Hungarian, the Frenchman, the Polack, the Scandinavian, and the Jew, and in this change which the learned professor laments, we see a good illustration of the scientific law, called the survival of the fittest—a law which has no respect for races or types, but works ruthlessly amongst all the children of men.

Under the indolence of the present-day degenerate Yankee, New England went almost out of cultivation, fell out of the ranks of the producers of the world, and joined the great American army of consumers. Under the industry, enterprise, and superior intelligence of the alien, New England is being reclaimed and brought back into the ranks of the producers where she rightfully belongs. But New England does not furnish the only example of the ignorance and inefficiency of the American as compared to the foreigner. I wonder whether the reader is at all aware of the gross ignorance, indolence, and general inefficiency of the American of to-day, in almost every field of industry and commercial enterprise.

The ease with which a living of some sort could be had in this country, up to within ten or twenty years ago, has begot in Americans an indolence, a careless extravagance, and a want of thoroughness, which will bring utter ruin upon this country, or at least upon the native population of this country, if it is not immediately seen and remedied. Extravagance has always been, and will always be, fatal to any nation.

Thoroughness and thrift must now, and for the future, be the watchword of the native American if he hopes to survive in the terrific economic battle which is now waging all over

the world. Thoroughness is the essential, the primary, the fundamental condition of success, in this age of world-wide competition and keen rivalry. Hence the American is being easily outstripped, not only by the labor and enterprise of Europe, but by the alien within his own gates, and on his own soil.

The "Dutchman," the "Dago," and the "Sheeney," upon whom the American has been pleased to look with good-natured contempt, is now showing that he is the superior of the man who scorned him, in the simple but very necessary art of bread-winning. He has, in fact, shown himself a better man than the proud native, and bids fair to supplant him in the exchanges and marts, as well as on the land; so that it looks very much as if the time had come for the American to emigrate or starve.

The American has always lived in great part by adventure, invention, and speculation. He is, perhaps, or has been, the quickest-witted, most fearless, most inventive, and the most adventurous person the world has ever known. But he is not, and never was, a plodder; and doesn't like continuous hard work. But the time has now come for these very things, and he is found wanting, and is giving place to the dull-witted, heavy-handed foreigner, who is willing to work and who knows how to work. Work, thorough, hard, continuous work, is what the

native American is now "up against," and the sooner he realizes this fact the better. Mr. William S. Rossiter, writing in the December (1910) *Atlantic* says: "Not only have the citizens of the United States been reared in an atmosphere of individual extravagance, but they early summoned the world to migrate to America to aid them in exploiting their resources." And so well has the world responded to this summons, and given this aid, that the resources of this country are even now hardly able to support the population. For Mr. Rossiter goes on to show that whilst the population is increasing at the enormous rate of thirteen million every decade, the productions of this country in grain and food-supplying animals, such as cattle, pigs, sheep, etc., are decreasing, not only in proportion to the multiplying population, but in actual quantity. This cannot go on long before we shall have the conditions of over-population such as exist in China, India, and Russia, where a large part of the people are continually on the edge of starvation, and where famine and pestilence make their dire visitations almost as regularly as the revolution of the seasons. Are these the words of an alarmist? If so, I am only repeating in plain English what is being substantially proclaimed almost every day by men who stand high in the councils of this nation. Dr. Butler, president of Columbia

University, speaking to an association of advertising agents recently, is reported to have said: "People do not understand the significance of the late census. It means that we have gone out of the class of Germany, France, and England, and are in a special class of the great hoards of Russia, India, and China, peoples whom we have looked upon as beyond our ken. We must face the problem now of a nation with a huge population, which is overcrowding the land available for tillage. The day has gone by when an American can waste every day what would support a family in France. A man can no longer waste one farm and then go to another. We must stop living on our capital, and like other adult people live on our income." The gentle sarcasm in the word "adult" should not be overlooked, for the truth is we have been living as a nation and as individuals like careless, thoughtless, irresponsible children.

It is already becoming an interesting question, almost a mystery, how the greater majority of the native American people find the bare means of living. They are leaving the land in thousands and millions. According to the late census report, there are more than twenty-eight million five hundred thousand (28,500,000) in the larger towns. Of this number more than twenty million three hundred and three thousand (20,303,000) reside in the larger cities of

more than 100,000 population. No doubt foreign immigration may account for a considerable portion of this material increase in our urban population. But the foreigner will not account for all of it, nor half of it, and we must go to the abandoned farms and the deserted villages for faurther explanation of this abnormal, unhealthy, and dangerous condition into which this country is fast drifting. By abandoned farms I do not mean, wholly, farms that have been thrown up, and left without occupants; but farms that have been sold, or let by native Americans who have emigrated to the city to live a very precarious life, and whose children swell the ranks of the wastrels of society. Not one-tenth of the untrained country people who desert the land for the town, can make their way in the face of the skilled and efficient foreigners who compete with them at every turn. This is why I say that it is actually becoming a mystery as to how the American finds a living in our large towns. It is perhaps some advantage for a family who have thriven on the land and laid by something, to move into the neighboring town for the educational and social advantages which a better organized community offers. But in every instance a son, or some other member of the family, should stop behind, and hold fast to the bosom of Mother Earth, the only sure source of life and

happiness. It is really tragical to see a family pulling up their stakes from the friendly hospitable land that has nourished them, and casting themselves upon the cold, strange, inhospitable, and cruel tide of a grim, bloodless, and soulless city, where rivalry and competition know no law, human or divine, and where none but the strong, the fit, the efficient, can hope to keep their feet under them.

This sort of thing must be stopped at once, or we are lost.

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THE PASSING OF THE AMERICAN

I

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

When Mrs. Morse visited her convict husband, the New York ex-banker, in the Atlanta prison, she found him working a typewriter, cataloguing the books of the library, and he told her, "I never knew before how little I know—how little I can do any one thing well." Millions of Americans, if as honest with themselves as this convict banker is with himself, would be forced to make the same humiliating confession.

Almost every European, be he servant, laborer, farmer, artisan, clerk, or commercial traveler; be he engaged in commerce, a profession, or any other business or calling whatsoever, knows some one thing at least, and knows it well.

It is no doubt true that the European is not so nimble-minded or nimble-fingered as the

American, and is unable to turn his hand to so many things; is, as we say, wanting in initiative. The Jack-of-all-trades has flourished in this, as in no other country. But his day has passed, here as elsewhere, and in the future no man can hope to get on, "make good" in any work, business, or profession, who has not mastered the principles of his avocation. The American habit of passing from one calling to another, without time or preparation, without rhyme or reason, must cease—in fact has ceased; and unless the children of the present generation are well taught in some one thing at least, the future can promise them nothing—not even a bare existence.

We turn to Germany for lessons of thoroughness in everything. The German is the last court of appeal in things small, and in things great. The Germans are the scholars of the world, in every department of science and literature, and it is beginning to look as though mere scholarship has something to do in making a nation. At any rate the German nation is at the head of civilization if, as *The Independent* remarks, "the production of great men may be taken as a measure of civilization." This is not a mere guess, nor a personal estimate; it is the verdict of the Nobel Committees of the Swedish Academies that award the Nobel Prizes, and it is, I suppose, as competent and impartial a

tribunal as we are likely to get. During the first ten years of this foundation 56 individuals have received these prizes, in the following national or racial order: Germany, 15; France, 10; England, 7; Holland, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland, 4 each; Sweden, 3; Denmark, Spain, and the United States, 2 each. One of the prizes given to the United States is for Peace, and ex-President Roosevelt was the recipient, so that there remains but one prize for science or literature accredited to us, and even the receiver of this prize, Professor Michelson of Chicago University, was—let us be frank—born in Germany. As *The Independent* (from which paper I have taken the general account of this matter) says, "If the prizes went in proportion to the population we should have to have sixty-four Nobel prizes in order to match the Dutch four," and how many, I ask, in order to match the fifteen German prizes? The Dutch beat us two to one in the outward seeming, but on closer inspection they beat us four to nothing, for Roosevelt received the Peace Prize certainly not for eminence in science or literature, and Professor Michelson we are forced to relinquish to the Germans, adding one more to their list, and taking the only man we had, or thought we had, away from us. But how are these great scholars, who reflect such credit upon their nation, made or produced? Not

certainly on the Jack-of-all-trades system. We cannot even produce them, so it would seem, by our wonderful Yankee shrewdness. We cannot say, "Go to, go, we must have some Nobel prize men as well as millionaires and promoters of trusts, for it won't do to let even the Dutch beat us at this game." No, hard as it seems, there is no patent right way of turning out these national products, called great men. And yet, after all, when one comes to think of it, these great men are really produced in a very simple manner. The only necessary condition is a great nation in which they can be born, and grow and mature; a nation with habits of honesty, simplicity, and thoroughness. Even the one word "thoroughness" is quite enough, and will explain it all; for all honest work, whether it be done by the carpenter, the farmer, the merchant, the physicist, the philosopher, or the preacher, must be thorough work. Thoroughness is therefore the cause and explanation of the masterful preponderance of Germany as a civilized state. Let us look at the German nation in the making, and see how it goes about its business of producing great men. But putting aside civilization for the nonce, and considering the mere brute power, or striking force, of a nation, let us see what this national habit of thoroughness means, how much it has to do with, say, an army. During the Franco-German

war (1870) the illiteracy in the German Army was, I believe, not two per cent, whilst in the French army it was more than fifty per cent, and the result was what might have been expected from the premises.

This, however, is a digression; still, if there must be soldiers—the necessity for which I do not see—why not have the best? It is a truism that the making of a nation begins with its children—not the children of the rich and well-to-do only, or mainly, but the children of the toilers, the bread-winners in all classes of society, high and low.

The German child has to go to the public schools until it reaches the age of fourteen years, at least. There is no exemption from this law. A parent cannot have a child excused for a day, or an hour, on any ground or pretense whatsoever. If, for example, sickness is made the plea, either by the child or the parent, the police step in and summon the medical officer, who has the only authority to excuse a child on the ground of ill-health. Even the children of aliens, residing temporarily in Germany, are not exempt, and this, oddly enough for sceptical Germany, applies to religious as well as secular instruction. Of this I know to my sorrow. When I was chaplain to the American Church in Munich I undertook, at the earnest solicitation of some American parents, who were spending the winter

in Munich, to be responsible to the educational authorities for the religious instruction of their children, little knowing what I was letting myself in for. But no sooner had I intimated that I would undertake this duty than the Minister of Education sent me papers appointing me to this position, and indicating the character and scope of my duties, which were not as light as I had regarded them. I thus suddenly found myself under orders from the German government (my position as an accredited minister of religion being taken as a guarantee of my character and attainments) to do a special educational work according to the laws and methods of the German nation, and not in any slipshod kind of way I might choose. For example, I had to hold stated examinations, mark and report them as carefully and as honestly as though I were a tutor in Greek or mathematics, and not merely in the Bible. This gave me a little taste of the way they do things—when they pretend to do them—in Germany. But my observations went further than my personal experiences, and I learned that even after passing the age of fourteen years, any boy who was looking to a trade of any kind had to attend the "Continuation School" for one whole day, or two half-days, each week until he reached the age of eighteen years. And these hours were not to be taken at night, after the day's work

was supposed to be done, but the time occupied by a full day's work was taken out of the week's work; and in many cases the employers allow these apprentices full pay for the time spent in the schools, and in all cases the employers co-operate with the managers of these trade schools, in order to promote their efficiency. Wise government! Wise employers! But the boy is not simply turned out at the age of eighteen, a well-trained mechanic; he is also a well-developed boy as a boy. He has been taught something of the meaning and beauty of life, and his place and duty in society, social, economic, and political. He knows some one thing, at least, well, and has an education that will fit him to rise to higher things if opportunity should offer. At any rate he has his mind opened to the good impressions of the life of the world about him. What have we in the ranks of labor or trade to compare with this product of Germany, or to contend with him when he reaches our shores? Let me tell a little story, which may show how one of the by-products of this system of thorough German training is produced, namely, the German waiter. During my residence in Munich I resided for the winter months in a hotel. One afternoon on passing a public or national schoolhouse I came upon the head waiter of my hotel, who was about to enter a school building, but, seeing me, he politely

paused for a moment to pass the usual compliments, and in order to make some response to his well-meaning civilities I asked him if he had children in school. He answered that he was not a father, but was employed to give lessons to a class of schoolboys who were training for his profession, and my request to be permitted to witness this lesson was willingly granted. It was after school hours, and he told me he was at liberty to use any rooms he pleased for his lesson. I also learned that he was paid for his services by the school authorities. The class was composed of fifteen boys over twelve and under fourteen years old, and hence all of them were required by the law to attend school. The room, a large one, was devoid of furniture. Two boys were chosen and orders were given to lay the cloth for four persons. Everything, even the table, had to be brought in. But I shall spare the reader the details, enough to say that all things necessary to a dinner, including the actual dinner itself, were prepared under instruction from this practical head waiter. This included a lesson in carving as well as serving. The instructor also told me that as soon as these lads passed the age limit of compulsory education, they would be taken in hand by the German Waiters Society (Kellner Verein) and sent to England for two years, and then to France in order to learn the language and manners of

those countries. After that object lesson in the art of producing a waiter, I have not been surprised to find the German waiter in command of all the best positions in Europe and America. The presence of the German waiter gives the rank of first class to any hotel, and his absence is fatal to any such claim or pretension of any hotel. We see, I think, from these examples, first, how simple it is for a nation to produce efficient men in every activity in life, and, second, that it is only the efficient nation that produces great men. A highly civilized nation is one that produces honest, well-trained men, and it is only from the ranks of such men that great men proceed. This is a very simple lesson in conduct as well as logic, and explains why Germany stands at the head of the list of nations in winning the Nobel prizes. And it also explains, I fear, why America stands at the tail of this list of civilized nations. I see no way to avoid this logical conclusion, humiliating as it is. But there is hope for us yet, that is, if we will but be wise enough to see the truth, stop our brag and bluster, confess our sins, and mend our ways. Mr. Morse, the convict banker, has not lived in vain if his words to his wife—"I never knew before how little I know, how little there is I can do well"—will set Americans thinking and asking themselves, What do I really know about anything? What is there I can do well,

or better than any one else? I do not mean to say that there are not Americans, plenty of them, who know how to do things as well as the next one, but I do mean to say that as a nation we are not thorough in our work, and this is true in small and great things alike.

Again I ask, how do the American working class live? They are not employed as laborers on our docks, or by our railroads. They are not even at work in the streets of our large cities. They of course do not go into families or hotels as servants or "helpers." The trolley-car conductors, at least those recently employed, seem to be all foreigners. Few Americans are employed on our ocean or river steamers. The foreigner has almost completely captured our foundries and manufactories. All our cooks, men-servants, and maid-servants are alien, by birth or descent. The fruit dealers, small grocers, newsdealers, especially in New York, bakers, and other small tradesmen, even the bootblacks, throughout the land, are already largely foreign, and are multiplying very rapidly. I know of but one street fruit and peanut vender in New York who is an American, and his stand, or rather their stand, for there are three in the firm,—one man and two women—is on the front of the battery wall, near the flagpole. I have visited this stand two or three times, to observe the business methods of the concern

and see whether it was keeping its trade, and I am glad to report that it seems to be in a very flourishing condition. I have had one or two talks with different members of the firm and find that they know their business as well as any Greek or Italian. They told me that these enterprising aliens had made several efforts to get their stand from them by trying to outbid them in the rent, but the park authorities thus far have continued their lease. They are obliged, however, to keep a sharp lookout for the peripatetic fruit and peanut venders who are constantly encroaching upon their preserves. This gives a sporting element to their business, however, and the women members of the firm seem to enjoy it. It is really refreshing to visit this truly American mart, where neatness, good nature, politeness, and strict attention to business are beautifully blended with the American freedom from all servility. But alas, this is, as I have said, the only street stand I know in the whole of Manhattan conducted by natives.

There is but one field of labor, so far as I know, where the native American still holds undisputed sway, and that is, the railroad car. I have never seen a foreigner, or any one resembling or suggesting a foreigner, in any part of this country acting as a railroad conductor, engineer, or trainsman in any capacity. And then, of course, our dearly beloved baggage

smasher and express agent, driver, clerk, and everybody else connected with that strictly American institution the "Express Company" or "Highway Robber" is American to the backbone. So also is that torture chamber, the Pullman Car, with its white conductor and black porter. But we pay well for these American luxuries. The New England Express Company has just declared a dividend of forty-five per cent. When the dividend drops to twenty per cent or ten per cent the Express Company may go into the hands of foreigners, but not before. I wonder whether we half realize what this glorious institution, the American Express Company, costs the patriotic American. Well, we now know, to begin with, that it cost New England directly forty-five per cent. I should think that this direct tax is very much greater throughout the rest of the country. But I don't know. What I do know is that indirectly this highly prized, peculiarly American concern, called the "Express Company," is costing this country the price of a Parcels-post. Let me show how high a price it is we are paying indirectly for the luxury of the Express Company. I will give a concrete case, and in order to be perfectly frank will tell the whole story just as it occurred.

The Munsey Company sent by mistake a book manuscript to me in London. I had left London before the parcel arrived and it was

sent on to me in Pensacola, Florida. When it reached me there were two sets of stamps attached to the parcel; first, American stamps of the value of twenty-four cents, carrying the parcel from New York to London; and, second, British stamps of an equivalent value, carrying it from London to Pensacola. The parcel was re-mailed by me to the Munsey Company in New York, with the old stamps still adhering to it. But the post office authorities in Pensacola told me that the postage would be eighty-five cents. I showed them the canceled stamps on the parcel, and told them with confidence, and some show of annoyance, I fear, that they were mistaken. They insisted, very politely I am pleased to say, that they were right. I protested, and wrote my protest to the Postmaster General, who replied that the Pensacola postmaster was entirely right. He agreed with me, however, that the case presented a very strong anomaly, and did not wonder that I protested. Here was a parcel sent from New York to London for twenty-four cents, and from London to Pensacola for the same sum. But from Pensacola to New York (through which place it passed on its way to Pensacola from London) a sum more than three times greater was exacted. And this, strange as it seems, is the law of the land. What is the explanation? How came it to be the law of the land? There was a senator

from New York named Thomas Platt, who was also the president of an American express company. This simple fact explains everything. These American express companies do no direct business with London from New York, but they do have business relations with almost every American town. The post-office, as a common carrier, does not compete with the express companies between New York and London, but the post-office does compete with American express companies, throughout the United States. Hence, the rate of carriage by post, within the United States, must be made so high that the citizens of this free and glorious country are forced to use the express company instead of the post-office. A very simple matter, showing what a very simple-minded people we Americans are—so simple-minded, indeed, that in order to give the owners of express companies a dividend of forty-five per cent or more, we will gladly deny ourselves the convenience of a parcels post, which would lessen, by at least two-thirds, the cost of sending parcels, of certain weight and dimensions, through the post-office to points in the United States. Now I affirm that there is no other nation in the civilized world that would stand such an outrage for a day, or an hour. And yet we pride ourselves on our smartness and intelligence and up-to-dateness. We are the stupidest nation on the

face of the globe, for in no other nation are ninety-nine men willing to work, early and late, that the hundredth man may slumber and sleep in peace and plenty. The American Express Company is a highway robber, as we have seen, but it is only one of a large number of such outlaws, which we have brought into being and carefully fostered by our insane protection tariff. And yet we think we're a smart people. A dozen years or so ago I sailed from New York to Naples, and I had as a fellow passenger a loud-mouthed ignoramus of a politician, who was forever talking about the blessings of protective tariff. I said nothing during the voyage on that subject, until we reached the Straits of Gibraltar, and then, offering my field glass to the distinguished statesman, I asked him to mark a little town on the Spanish coast. This town, I said, is called Tarifa, and it gets its name from a pirate who used to capture and rob the ships as they entered this strait. It is from this pirate captain, Tarifa, that we get our precious word tariff. "By George, is that so? Well, I'll be durned!" were the elegant ejaculations of this traveling statesman, who was silent on the tariff question for the rest of the voyage, I am glad to say.

But I was speaking of the mystery surrounding the question as to how the mass of American artisans and tradespeople live.

In New York there seems to be almost nothing for the native American to do, or, at least, little or nothing which he is seen to be actually doing. But the invasion and capture of some of the rural districts and small towns by the foreigner seems even more complete than it is in the metropolis and other large cities. Take the half-past seven Sunday morning train from the New York Grand Central Station, and you will see at every way station swarms of dark, sturdy foreigners entering and quitting the train at the little towns along the way; for this is a local train and makes all the stops, and these people are thus enabled to visit their friends and acquaintances; and there appears to be no town, however small, where these foreigners have not gained some footing as laborers, farmers, and small tradesmen. I should say that more than half of the Sunday railroad travel in New York, New Jersey, and New England is foreign. I took a train from New York some thirty miles into New Jersey, a Sunday morning in October, and the conductor told me that he did not think the native Americans constituted ten per cent of his passengers. I asked him whether that was the usual thing on Sundays, and he said, "No, not quite so bad as to-day, but we always have more foreigners than natives on Sunday." When I first formed the habit of crossing the ocean ninety per cent at least of

the travel was native American; now it is not one-half American. This indicates pretty clearly that native Americans in general have not the money they once had. We have more native millionaires to-day than we had twenty years ago, but fewer citizens with moderate incomes or prosperous business relations. The prosperous native American merchant is almost a thing of the past. But the thing, to my mind, that matters most is the fact that Americans are quitting the country, the land, the farm, as a means of living, for the town and the office. Pennsylvania seems to be almost the only State where the same family tills the same acres from generation to generation. But Pennsylvania has ever remained true to its German traditions for honest, intelligent, plodding, and thorough, that is, intensive, farming. The fine barns of the Pennsylvania Dutch are celebrated throughout the land. The "Pennsylvania Dutch" have thriven because they had both industry and intelligence. And whilst the "cute" Yankee and New Yorker would skim the surface of the soil for a few years, and then pull up stakes and seek "fresh woods and pastures new," the plodding Dutchman went steadily on in the old stupid way, plowing and sowing and reaping the same acres from year to year, knowing that soil, like everything else, improves by use, if used properly. There is such a thing as soil

making, as well as fertilizing. And soil making is not nearly so expensive as fertilizing. The French farmer can't afford to use fertilizers, and yet on two or three acres,—after paying the enormous rent of from $500 to $1,000 an acre,—he supports a family of from six to ten persons, for he makes this farm of two or three acres produce one hundred tons of marketable stuff each year. This sounds impossible, yet it is strictly true. "However does he do it?" By making it yield as high as seven crops a year, thus multiplying his three talents by seven and gaining eighteen talents more. Weeds and leaves are used in the perpetual process of making soil. He never burns anything that can be resolved into earth again. Soil that is resting, like everything else that is idle, degenerates. Keep soil busy, keep it producing, and the more it produces the more it is able to produce. The field can be at work, and profitable work, every day in the year. Seven crops from three acres equal one crop from twenty-one acres. Still that is not all, for not only does intelligent—that is intensive—farming multiply the crops sevenfold, but it doubles the output of each crop, so that the French farmer, or any one else, for that matter, who knows how to farm gets forty-two times as much out of an acre of ground as the average American farmer. One acre yields as much to the French farmer as forty-two acres do to the

American farmer. If any one thinks this extravagant nonsense let him inform himself on this subject before he rushes into print to contradict me.

"Henry Wallace," the preacher turned farmer, is said to be an authority on American farming, and this is what he says to the American farmer. "You have robbed every farm you have ever owned, till it kicked you out. You have been robbing your farm every year by taking everything off and putting nothing back. It has been corn, oats, wheat, flax, etc."

Yes, our rich agricultural lands are being impoverished and ruined; wasted and actually killed by ignorant, careless, dishonest tillage, and the cost of living is, of course, rising as a result and we are now turning to Canada for succour. When I last crossed the Atlantic on my return from Europe, eighteen months and more ago, our ship's chief freight was potatoes, and I was told that she carried several thousand bushels from England and Ireland to the United States. This is carrying coals to Newcastle with a vengeance; for if there is one thing peculiarly indigenous to our soil it is the potato. We gave this vegetable to Europe, only a few centuries ago, and now she is returning the favor.

In Europe the laborer can rarely get hold of the land in fee-simple, hence he is seldom able

to secure a stake in the county, or anything resembling a permanent home. His one wish, therefore, if he is a farmer, when he comes to this country is to get possession of land, and the American's one wish seems to be to get rid of it,—hence an exchange of owners comes about without much difficulty. `I met a German once on shipboard who was returning to his native country on a visit, after a residence of ten years in America. He had his family with him—a wife and two children. He told me that he had never been anything more than an agricultural laborer in Germany; nor were there any hopes of his ever changing his position in life if he remained there. He came to this country and worked two or three years as a farm laborer. I quote his words—"I am now a land owner, have a farm of eighty acres, well stocked. I have three good horses and nearly five thousand dollars invested. I am going to Germany (I noticed he always spoke of America as his home, never Germany) to induce some of my relations to come over with me." This man had been nothing but a laborer in Germany, but he had an education and some experience in proper farming, and he was therefore easily able to outstrip his American competitors. He told me he knew but one native American farmer who understood how to farm.

The southern negro, even, is more sensible

and far-seeing in this matter than the southern white man. I mean the white man who depends upon his labor for a living. The negroes are acquiring landed property very rapidly—much more rapidly than the "poor white." They are, to some extent, doing in the South what the foreigner is doing in the West. I heard Mr. Booker Washington say recently that there are twenty-two million ($22,000,000) dollars' worth of taxable property held by the negro race in the single State of North Carolina. In one little country district in this State there are fifty-two homes owned by negroes. The negroes are progressing in intelligence and prosperity, just in proportion as they secure homes of their own. This is true of every race and every nation. Thus the negro advances in prosperity and civilization, while the degradation of the poor white man seems almost complete, for there is not to be seen in the whole of Europe, so far as I know, so low a form of Christian civilization as presents itself to the observer in the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina; and in the outlying districts of Georgia, Florida, and Alabama. And things are nearly as bad in some parts of New England. The competition of the colored man in the South has driven the poor white man to the wall,—just as the alien has the New Englander,—where he lives in a state of semi-starvation, abject ignorance, and

in perpetual revolt against law and order, ready at a moment's notice to wreak his vengeance against his natural enemy, the negro, who is held in theory by himself and his fellow white citizens to be his inferior, but whom he knows, in a half-conscious sort of way, to be his superior in industry and intelligence. This is at the bottom of the outrages committed on the negro in the South. The negro holds all the subordinate places of profit in the South. He is the coachman, the messenger, the janitor, the caretaker, the teamster, the porter, and the general utility man, as well as the domestic servant. Every white man of substance and position has a negro as his friend; and every negro of any character has a white man as his adviser.

Almost the only farmlands that pay in the South are tilled either by negroes or foreigners. The great majority of farms owned by white men are cultivated by negroes, either as tenants or as laborers. I have asked farmers in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Texas, and Florida, whether they would be willing to employ native white men to work their land, and in every instance they have replied no. The native white man, in the first place, is too offensively independent, and difficult to handle. He is suspicious and on the outlook for all kinds of slights. Besides, if he is really industrious, he cannot always be trusted to look after the interests of his

employer. He will often starve the horses and cattle and sell their food. Nothing, of course, could be lower than that. On the other hand, the negro—where he is frankly trusted—is honest and humane. As one large landed proprietor from South Carolina, whom I met in New York a month or so ago, told me—"My negro farmer is trusted absolutely in everything, and reports to me only once a year. I really think he believes if he should neglect to feed a horse or a cow I could tell it by looking at the animal. I like a superstitious negro—but then they are all superstitious, more or less."

"Do you know of any native white man whom you would trust as you do that negro?" I asked.

"Well, I don't like to have it put in that fashion," he replied. "But I'll be darned if I do, now that you have put me up against it."

This alliance, both overt and tacit, between the well-to-do white man and the negro in the South is clearly understood by both, and it is this fact that has saved the negro more than once, and prevented a race war. But it cannot prevent an occasional outburst of fury, now and again. I repeat that this alliance between the negro and the well-to-do white man furnishes some restraint upon race passion, but it cannot prevent, and the fact is it often provokes, murderous attacks upon the negro. The poor white,

however ignorant, knows perfectly well that his white superiors and his negro inferiors are linked together against him, no matter how fine the politician may talk; and he is ready to strike his protected foe on the slightest pretense. His jealousy of the negro, as he sees him living in ease and comfort, is always burning within his heart, and I only wonder that it does not more often blaze up into a consuming fire.

The negro has thus been, and still is, the curse of the South in more ways than one. And it is my firm belief that in time, however far off, the negro will come into the possession of the land upon which he once toiled in slavery. That is, unless a sturdier, a more industrious, a more intelligent race takes the place of the present "poor white." The negro is now, and ever has been, even in the days of slavery since he was brought to this land, taking the bread out of the southern white man's mouth. And the poor white man knows it, and his resentment will grow, in proportion as the negro grows in prosperity; and the time must come when there will be a final trial of conclusions between these two natural and racial foes, and in that final trial the negro will easily win.

Prophecies, I know, are gratuitous, but there has always been a place for the prophet in the world. But in this prophecy I am only echoing the words of others, among them ex-Governor

Northen of Georgia, a somewhat better authority than myself, who, in a letter to me not long since, said that in his opinion a race war in the South was almost inevitable. I break no confidence in quoting this letter from one of the best authorities in America, for I was introduced to Governor Northen by Mr. Seth Low, with the explicit understanding that my investigations were meant for public rather than private use.

But are we not threatened with a situation in New England similar to that in the South? The present degenerate descendants of the pilgrim fathers are little better off than their poor white brethren in the South. They are being ousted from the shop, the factory, the farm, by the more efficient alien, and are already in a very precarious condition. Read what one of the ablest weekly periodicals in America has to say editorially on the passing of the New Englander.

"But the Native is no longer what he was only a little while ago. The invading foreigner is ousting him from his lair, Portugee on the shore and Canuck a little further back. In certain parts of New England now the wanderer who wants to ask his way had better begin with the question, 'Do you speak English?' Of course this is unnecessary if the questionee is young enough to be at school, for then, whether a Dago or a Dutchman by descent, he will have attained an elementary knowledge of Anglo-Saxon speech.

But Dago and Dutchman, Portugee and Canuck, are not the only foreign folk to be found afield. Now and again the solitary horseman will happen on a negro settlement, and more infrequently still on a little nest of aborigines. Nor is it unprecedented that the redskin has intermarried with the black; and then the papoose-pickaninnies have high cheekbones and no kinks in their wool. Still stranger sights are possible on occasion; and once, in the foothills of the Berkshires, when the twilight was making ready to let her curtain down and pin it with a star, there was a startling vision at the cross-roads. It was a Sioux Indian on a bicycle, herding home the cows. But this red man was no survival; he was an importation. He was a Carlisle Indian, who had hired himself out as a farmhand in the intermission between the football seasons.

"The Native has not only been crowded out by intruding aliens of every tinge; he is suffering also from dry rot. For a century or more the ambitious young fellows have been going out to push their fortunes where opportunity was larger, leaving behind them the lazier and the less enterprising to bring forth after their kind. The best have been bred out, and the least worthy have been in-breeding only too closely, generation after generation. In many a nook and corner the Native is now the result of the survival of the unfittest. And when the nook and corner happen to have been captured by the Summer Boarder and the Cottager, the

Native is exposed to the contagion of idle frivolity and of empty leisure. It is small wonder that he is likely to be demoralized and to find his frayed ethical standards falling to rags about him. Sometimes it drives him to an increased craftiness and sometimes it leads him down to an indurated shiftlessness. There was a Native once who was town treasurer, and he kept the accounts on his cuffs, and when they happened to go to the wash, his bondsman had to make good the results of his casual cleanliness."

After this editorial my language must sound very mild.

If things continue to go for the next ten years as they have gone for the last ten years, in New England, a desperate condition will result. The only possible way to prevent this crisis is to persuade the people to stick to the land. There is already evidence that the native American in New England, like the native white man in the South, looks with keen jealousy upon the prosperity of alien races; and however indolent he may be, when driven to the last ditch by the foreigner, as his poor white brother in the South has been by the negro, he may be expected not to endure silently this fatal encroachment of aliens upon his home and his family. He will fight. His case is not yet quite so desperate as this, however. There is still time for him to regain his hold upon the land of his fathers. But

there is not too much time; and what there is, is slipping away very rapidly, and in another ten years will have gone forever. It is perfect madness for these people, these native Americans, to surrender their land to the foreigner, for it means their total extinction, and we who realize this fact should use all the means within our power to restrain them, and to convince them of the immediate peril to themselves and their children. But this foreign invasion not only means the extinction of the native American as a personality, a character, but it also means the destruction of the civilization which he represents. We who speak out and call public attention to this alarming state of things will get nothing but abuse for our pains, to be sure, but I, for one, am accustomed to abuse and am beginning to enjoy it, as the eel after repeated experience is supposed to enjoy the process of being skinned alive.

At any rate, I cannot, and will not, sit quietly by and witness the passing of the native American race from this land, without doing all that in me lies to check and, if possible, to stop it. And I firmly believe—in fact, I am quite certain—that the land is the only means of the salvation of the American, and the civilization he represents.

II

IMMIGRATION

It is all very well for us to have more multi-millionaires than any other nation on the face of the earth, but they may come a bit too high, and the economic conditions that produce them, for the most part, are not always a blessing to the rest of the nation. Foremost amongst these conditions stands the central fact that there must be an enormous amount of cheap labor, unskilled labor, imported into this country. For however skilfully the fact may be disguised, the majority of the immigrants, so called, are virtually importations. But if that sounds too strong let us say that these multitudes of foreigners are induced to come to this country under promise, per advertisement, of work. These millions of aliens, we are told, are necessary to the development of the resources of our country. Now it is perfectly plain that these foreign hordes are necessary to the development of the multi-millionaires, the trusts and the monopolies; but it is not so plain that they are necessary to the peace, happiness, and prosperity of this country. Why should great

armies of men of low intelligence, who know nothing about this land save that it is a place where they can sell their labor for more than anywhere else, be induced, or even permitted, to come here and exploit and exhaust the natural resources of our country? In the olden time, the armed invasion and spoliation of a country by an enemy only meant the capture, or destruction, of towns and fortresses, the works of man, which could be, and were, re-created. But these peaceful invasions of a million and more immigrants every year mean the exploitation and utter spoliation of the vital sources of the national life, which cannot be re-created or revitalized. We seem in fact as a nation to be in a state bordering on insanity. We are actually inviting, urging, these aliens to come over and take peaceful possession of our land—and of our country, for the last must of necessity follow the first. Never in the history of the world has a people, a nation, thrown away such unique, such boundless opportunities and resources of wealth and property. Never before has a nation of people invited and encouraged such fatal invasions. Never have the prodigal sons of worthy fathers thrown away, squandered in such a reckless manner, so great an inheritance. It seems—it is incredible that sane men, intelligent men, educated men, should pursue such a fatal policy. The land, and what it con-

tains on, and within, its deep bosom, should be conserved, kept well in hand, and developed and exploited gradually for the general, and not for the private, good. Water, trees, coal, and all mineral substances should not be worked and exhausted for private gain.

The natural, that is the normal, increase of the native American population for the last forty years would have been amply sufficient for the proper and healthy development of this country. But not sufficient, I grant you, for the production of the J. Cooks, the J. Goulds, the J. Hills, the Huntingtons, the Harrimans, the Rockefellers, the Carnegies, the Guggenheims, and the Morgans; nor for the kind of life we have got into the habit of living—a life of senseless extravagance and vulgar waste; a life of unhappiness, unrest, and low ideals; a life of superficial knowledge; a life that has laid less and less stress upon merit, and has turned more and more to empty pretense. Had not the foreigner been called in in such hordes, we should have been forced to do our own work ourselves, and would have been all the happier, and richer, for it. As it is we have lost the habit of hard continuous labor, and with it we are on the verge of losing our land, and every other means of making an honest happy living. It is truly deplorable, and I attribute it in great measure to two things —tariff and immigration—which two things

are linked together for the production of the greatest curses this nation has suffered, the millionaire and his "trust." These things have impoverished the nation, and debased the public conscience, until common honesty in all ranks of our national life is the most uncommon of all commodities. There must be a halt in our present manner of life. There must be a check put upon immigration. Self-preservation is the first law of nature and the time has come when we in these United States must resort to it. It's a sad confession for so proud and boastful a race to make, but it is wiser to frankly make this confession in the face of the whole world, than to suffer ourselves to be driven from our hearths and our homes by vast armies of heterogeneous aliens, who can outwork us—that is, work for the millionaire and the monopoly to their greater pleasure and profit. But they can also beat us on the land, and in the laboratory and market. We need time to train our children to compete with these people, and during that time the foreigner must be held at bay.

When a mere boy I heard Henry Ward Beecher give an eloquent lecture entitled, as I remember, "The Future of our Country." During this lecture he touched upon the subject of immigration, and among other striking things said, "When the lion eats the ox the ox

becomes lion, not the lion ox," and he went on to show how quickly the American—the lion—assimilated the immigrant—the ox. Yes, very true, then, but not now. At that time, thirty-five years ago, the immigrants were mostly drawn from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland, and constituted a homogeneous population, all having their origin in our common source, the Teutonic race. That kind of food suited the palate, and digestive organs, of the American lion very well, and he kept himself well and happy on such diet. But that period has passed, and the over-fed American lion has long ceased to assimilate or even to masticate the conglomerate mass of foreign food that has been placed upon his national board,—Italians, Russians, Jews, Slovaks, Polacks, Roumanians, Finns, Armenians, and every other kind of human beings, from the East, West, North, and South of the habitable globe. The problem, therefore, has vastly changed since I heard the eloquent preacher use that striking figure of speech. To put it bluntly, these latter-day immigrants not only remain an undigested mass in the national stomach, but they are a menace to the health and life of the national body; and we must henceforth deny ourselves the glory of our millionaires and their monopolies, if their presence depends, as it seems to depend, upon these vast

armies of undesirable aliens. Sympathy we may have, and should have, for the poor and oppressed in every land; but charity begins at home, and if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith—of his own land—and is worse than an infidel. America for the whole world sounds very large and humane, and all that; but the smaller cry, America for the Americans, is what we must come to, and the sooner the better.

Immigration must be checked. The resources of this land are being over-developed, that is, too rapidly developed by means of these aliens and in a manner that benefits private corporations and not the general public. But capital must be encouraged, we are constantly told. It is a much better thing to encourage American industry and thrift. The habit of calling in the foreigner to do our work for us in the home, on the farm, in the shop, and everywhere else, is fatal to native industry, and is weakening, and if it does not cease will utterly destroy the national character. We are selling our national birthright—the opportunity to labor and live on our own soil—for a mess of pottage, i.e., for ease and idleness. The pottage has been nearly eaten, and the American father will wake up some morning to find that there is no room for his son on his native soil; that the broad

lands of America have been pre-empted by alien races, who have little or nothing in common with the native American; aliens in whom religion, morality, and the higher ideals of civilization have no controlling influence; who cannot be kept in hand by the priest, the preacher, or the moralist, for to be rid of these things they understand to be a part of their newly acquired freedom, their emancipation from the old world, and the laws and customs of the old world. Religion and law are associated in the minds of these people with class tyranny and injustice, and it is hard, almost impossible, for them, coming in such vast multitudes to a strange country, to readjust themselves to their new surroundings, or to create or accept new standards of conduct.

The natural, almost the inevitable, thing for these people to do is,—having been freed from these burdens which they were forced to carry in the old world,—to refuse to have anything to do with these matters in the new world. They have one, and one only, well-defined purpose in coming to this country—to improve their material well-being, and this engrosses them to the exclusion of everything else. They have no interest in politics, religion, or social matters. These they leave to the natives—for the present. But the time will come when, having secured a home, and living free from want, these people

will turn to politics, and when they do the native politician will be swept aside as summarily as the native laborer, mechanic, and farmer are now being disposed of. The really alarming thing at present is the disposition of these foreigners to keep together, as races. The late Professor Goldwin Smith said he feared that the time might come "when America would be unable to digest the very large and very crude material that came to it from the old world." That time has arrived, and it is sheer stupidity for us to ignore this fact any longer. It is not, of course, that these hordes of aliens have any hostile feelings or intentions against the American native, or American ideals. But it is that they know nothing about America, save as a place where they can better themselves.

Manners

They have all of them, however, a kind of notion that America means freedom and equality, absence from restraint, laxity of law and order—a kind of general license to do as they choose. The immediate effect of this general impression which the immigrant gets of America, even before he leaves his native land, is seen in his change of manner towards his superiors, his employers, and people in general. The immigrant leaves his good manners behind him. The

want of politeness in the native American is so common, and so natural, that we think nothing of it, realizing that it is not meant to be offensive. But it is another matter in the foreigner. There it is studied, and is meant to show his attitude towards his new home. It is this which renders the rudeness of the naturally polite Italian, for example, so offensive. Rudeness is not natural to him, and we feel that he is actually making an effort to be impolite. To an Italian fruit vender who gave me an insolent answer, I said, "But you would not speak in that rude manner if you were selling fruit in Italy. You would be careful to be polite and obliging." "Ah, Signore, but America is not Italy. Everybody is polite in Italy. Nobody is polite in America, and why should I be? It is a sign of ignorance if an Italian uses the same polite speech and manner in America that he would in Italy." And that is the impression that all foreigners get immediately on their arrival here, or even before they come here, for the word goes back from those who are here to those who are to come, that you can talk to these rich Americans without any regard for their wealth or their position. What a comment! And how true! We are actually a nation without manners, and this is the very first lesson that the immigrant learns, and he believes that the good manners natural to him, and to his country, are a hindrance to his wel-

fare in America. How differently such things are regarded in the old world. There tradespeople, and everybody else, know that politeness is a part, and a very important part, of their stock in trade. A very famous English shopkeeper was once asked by a nobleman how he had succeeded in amassing such a large fortune. "I bow very low, my Lord, and charge very high" was his ready answer. Yes, we are all willing to pay for politeness. I was passing through the gates at the Grand Central station the other day, when I overheard one official say to another, who looked foreign,—"You must get over your Frenchy ways, and stop your polite stunts, or you will be laughed at." Last summer a party of German students visited this country, for travel and observation, and just before they sailed for home they were asked what feature of America they considered in greatest contrast to Europe. They replied instantly, "A want of politeness."

This want of agreeable manners is hindering us in more ways than one. A correspondent of the London *Times*, whose letters from the Philippines have been read both in this country and England with great interest, while praising the general administration of the American government in those islands, attributes its slow success to the shock caused by the great contrast of American manners with those of the high-bred

Spaniards, whom the Americans supplanted. The Spaniards were always considering the susceptibilities of their polite kinsmen, and while they despoiled them, they did it with grace. The American's disregard for the peculiar susceptibilities of a different race, and his blunt and rude manner of approaching the Filipinos, are an offense much greater than were the polite tyranny and thievery of the Spaniards.

III

WE ARE NOT LIKED

THINGS are gradually improving from an administrative point of view, but not on the social side of things. The interchange of social courtesies between the better class of natives and members of the American colony, not excepting the army and navy, is growing less and less frequent and familiar. The well-born Filipinos do not like us, and prefer to have as little social contact with us as possible. The *Times* correspondent is not alone in giving testimony to the harm done our nation by the bad manners of our representatives in the Philippines. Bishop Brent, of the American Episcopal Church (though himself a Canadian by birth and training), is even stronger in his statement with reference to this matter. The Bishop says bluntly that "The Filipinos do not like Americans" and he does not qualify this statement in any way. The upper classes, he says, are quite frank about their antipathy, and while the commercial classes are not so frank, for obvious reasons, their dislike is none the less evident. Commercial men of the Latin races, as well as

society ladies, resent a want of considerate manners, and are willing to gain less and lose more by having to do with business concerns who are represented by agents of agreeable address. A writer in *The Independent* the other day said that we were not only disliked by the Mexicans for our bad manners, but that bad manners were losing us the trade of that country, and he gave an instance. A very important commercial transaction had been brought to a successful close by an American, who, feeling sure of his game, gave vent in a rude manner to the irritation which certain forms and ceremonies during the negotiations had caused him. This was overheard by one of the principals in the transaction, who immediately canceled the whole matter, and the American lost his game after all. One would imagine that two or three such cases would teach the American business man the commercial value, if nothing else, of good manners. But it does not seem to have done so.

"We Are Infants in Trade"

So says the President of Columbia College. In Florida, a year ago, I renewed the acquaintance of a Russian whom I had known as a boy in the south of France. He was a gentleman of high birth and breeding, and able to speak well

four languages. He told me that being a younger son he had come to America to make his way. He was an engineer by profession, but traveled a good deal, as it required some degree of technical knowledge to sell his line of goods. He had just been in Central and South America, and I asked him if American trade was prospering in those countries. He answered no, and gave me the chief reasons. First the want of manners on the part of American traveling men. They were for the most part illiterate, uncouth and boorish in their way of doing things, and when two or more of them got together in Central or South America they behaved with the utmost disregard of the habits and customs of the people of the country, and made themselves offensively conspicuous by their loud and rude manners. Business men take note of such things, and have as little to do with these objectionable Americans as possible. The second cause of America's failure to get this southern trade is their disinclination to give time to southern merchants. Credit is the universal custom, both in Central and South America, and to refuse it is something like casting a slur upon the honesty of the merchant, to say nothing of changing his methods of business. It is all very well for the American to brusquely tell the merchant that he can buy cheaper if he pays cash. He does not care to be instructed

in his business methods by a rude flippant stranger; and so he deals with the Briton and the German who does not argue with him, but is pleased to give him the usual time in which to make his payments.

Another matter, which in itself seems very small, but which in fact is of very great importance, is the manner in which goods are packed. Americans have got the reputation of not being good packers, and this loses them much trade. Last year the Russian government gave out a competitive contract for a large number of railroad engines. French, German, English, and American companies entered this competition, and it was publicly stated that the men who represented American companies were unable to give a satisfactory scientific explanation of their machines, and for this reason they did not gain any of the contracts. What could be more humiliating to a nation that boasts of its business and commercial enterprise and general smartness and up-to-dateness? Dr. Butler must have had this case in mind when he told the association of American advertisers that American business men are infants as compared with Europeans in getting foreign trade. This is not pleasant medicine to take, but nasty medicine is usually the more efficacious. So let us swallow it, without making more of a wry face than we can help. We have talked loud, and

boasted so much of our superiority in almost everything, that it comes hard for us to eat humble pie and confess we are "infants" even in business matters compared with the effete nations of the old world. This is rubbing it in, I confess, with a little salt added, but the time has come for heroic remedies, and if the patient is unable to take them there can be no hope of recovery. I propose, therefore, to follow Dr. Butler's lead, and to mention some things outside of pure business circles in which we are lamentably wanting. English is the official and social language of this country, and yet there is not one person in ten, in Congress or out of Congress, who speaks even decent English. The art of direct, plain, simple speech, to say nothing of the beauty of diction, is a very rare thing in this country. If you wish to make a simple test of this, ask the first person you meet to direct you somewhere or other, and then note the awkward, hesitating, obscure, almost unintelligible way in which you are answered. Americans seem to have lost the art of simple, direct speech. They rarely say yes or no to a simple question, but must prefix or affix some wholly unnecessary words.

IV

THE FATAL ELOQUENCE OF AMERICANS

Time was when we could justly boast of American eloquence. Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Haynes, Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, Blaine, and Garfield were orators, that is, they had the gift of impressive and persuasive speech. So also had W. E. Channing, Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks. But is there a man to-day in the public life of this country, in Church or State, who has the gift or the power, in any notable manner, to impress and persuade by the art of public speech? Governor Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey is the nearest approach we have to such a man in political life, and there is no one I can recall at this moment who even suggests the eloquent pulpit orator. By orator I do not mean the declaimer of high-sounding periods. We have plenty of these and to spare. These are the gentlemen who have emptied the churches. This is the fatal kind of eloquence that one hears in Congress, and at

political rallies, and in most of our churches. A dozen years ago I wrote an article on the "Decline of the American Pulpit," and was abused like a pickpocket for my pains—that is, by the religious press. I was accused of fouling my own nest, etc. But it was not long after this article had been published before there began, in these very same religious papers, a lamentation over the falling off of attendance in the churches, until it has now become a general wail, and all sorts of expedients are resorted to to induce people not to desert the churches. We have had many explanations of the empty-church problem, but none seem to fully explain. The truth is, people will go to church if the church will give them something they need, and something the church makes them feel they need; and the preacher is the man to do this,—at least in the non-Roman churches, and the simple fact is he is not doing it, and the people are not drawn to the church. This seems strange in view of the fact that the facilities for the education of the Protestant ministry are rapidly increasing. Witness, for example, the dedication the other day of the new home of the Union Theological Seminary of New York. These new buildings cost $2,500,000, and are perhaps the finest in the world—to use a favorite American expression. And then they teach almost everything, from Harnack and Wellhausen, to slumming and

settlement work. But the great preachers of this and all other nations were not brought up on such a rich dietetic standard. People do not relish half-baked higher critics; nor diluted doses of Harnack and Wellhausen, but they relish least of all, I think, the jejune social reformer. What the people want in the pulpit is the same thing that humanity has always wanted—encouragement, inspiration, spiritual vision,—in a word, a prophet. They will gladly listen to, and follow, the preacher who walks with God and who speaks to them of their soul's hunger and of the heavenly manna which God will provide for those who trust in his love.

The gift of gab is always and everywhere a fatal gift. No really impressive speaker is a fluent speaker. The man who carefully chooses his words is the real orator. Some can do this with greater facility than others, and, other things being equal, they are the most eloquent speakers; and the most eloquent speaker, be it remembered, is not the man who speaks the loudest and uses the most "beautiful language" but the man who speaks in the most conversational and intimate tone, and who uses the simplest and most appropriate words. "Beautiful language," so called, is miscalled. The most beautiful language one can possibly use is the language that expresses in the simplest manner the thoughts of the speaker, and the more

beautiful the thoughts, the simpler and more beautiful will be the language. When shall we as a nation learn that the simplest form of speech is always the most beautiful form of speech?

I was present a few years ago at an international conference in England, and listened to five public addresses, representing as many nations—British, American, Russian, German, and Italian. The addresses were all given in English, and, to my shame as an American, the Russian, the German, and the Italian all spoke better English than the American; better as regards grammar, the choice and order of words, and the manner of uttering them. I overheard a lady say, "Why, the American can't speak as good English as those foreigners!" This is not agreeable reading, I know, but it is high time that we should see ourselves as others see us. I don't say these things for the mere sake of being disagreeable. I should much rather speak "smooth things" for I know that to "prophesy deceits" would render this volume more acceptable to the majority of my countrymen. Still, I regard the praise of the judicious few as more than offsetting the abuse of the unthinking multitude, whom I love and in whose interests I write, if they would but understand and profit by what I say.

About the only thing, just now, in which we seem to excel as a people is the ability to com-

bine for monopoly and "graft." The process is something like this. It is discovered by one of our great financiers that a certain business—it may be a bank, a factory, a brewery, a creamery, a butchery, an icery, or a steelery—it is, I say, discovered that a certain plant is a paying concern; and this Napoleon of Wall Street immediately calls together a number of his lieutenants and subordinates and tells them of his discovery. Aha! say they, we must down upon it; it must be ours. And they begin at once to plot its ruin. The first step is to hypothecate securities enough (these great financiers, be it observed, seldom or never pay cash) to cover the cost of purchase. And the coveted concern once within their grasp they can raise all the cash they require. The next step is to look about them and see how many other plants of the same kind of business they can find, and when found they are easily secured at a moderate cost, and our captains of industry hitch them up with the paying concern, in a combine. Now no team of horses, be they two or four or six, can go faster, or better, than the poorest nag in that team, so the proud Kentucky thoroughbred must accommodate his gait to his harness mate, be he the slowest Indiana roadster that ever put on harness. Well, then, to carry out as best I can this figure of speech, the slow-going, non-profit-producing concerns that are com-

bined, harnessed together with the paying business, will be sure to pull it down to their own low level, rather than be lifted up to its high estate. Not, however, before these great financiers have withdrawn—from what is now a trust—all the hard cash they can lay their hands upon, which they call their commissions.

In other words, the highwaymen, in the world of finance, hold up every paying business they can find at the point of the pistol; rob it, tie it hand and foot to as many dead carcasses as possible, and leave it thus on the roadside to the winds and waves of Wall Street. And, like the traditional pirate of romance, they placate the ill-will of the public, or rather, they make sure of the good-will and tacit cooperation of the innocent public by distributing largess far and wide, in the shape of colleges, theological seminaries, libraries, and national and charitable endowments. Yes, the very best rôle for these highwaymen to play is that of philanthropist. A few of these gentlemen of the road have played the philanthropic game so high, so well, so really magnificently, as to lift them far above the criticism, or even the unfavorable comment of a mere writer, and I shall not presume to question their methods or their character.

But perhaps I may be permitted to try my hand on a somewhat lesser figure among these proud promoters of public prosperity.

About fifteen years ago there was a very smart and successful life insurance agent in Chicago. Trouble came to the home office of the New York company he represented, and the president was forced to resign. A sort of re-organization, or general shuffle among the higher officers in this company, followed. In this general mix-up it was found that the young Chicago agent knew a lot about the private methods of the company; he knew so much about it, in fact, as to induce the people in the home office to ask him to come to New York and join them by accepting the post of first vice-president of this great company. Their wisdom was soon justified, for immediately following his promotion the business of this company began to increase by leaps and bounds, until its cash surplus was enormous. The head of Wall Street became aware of this large cash surplus and cast furtive glances at it, realizing how nice a thing it would be to have this ever-increasing volume of hard cash within his own reach; in other words, on deposit in the vaults of his own safe and sound bank. So it was not long after this great man had "twigged" this company's great surplus, that he made a visit to the president of the company, and there learnt that our young man from the West was the immediate cause, so to speak, of this great volume of cash; and it was not long before this

first vice-president was attached to the great financier's staff. And I suppose, but I don't know, that the fifty million and more cash surplus of this company was placed where it would do the most good, or at any rate be ready at hand in case of an emergency, not, of course, that the company took any risk in doing this; on the contrary its deposits could not have been placed in safer hands. I say I don't know anything at all about that matter. What I do know is that this young man from the West, after a short ten years, withdrew from the forces of the financial chief of this country, on a pension, or capital, or what not, of several millions, and is now announced as a philanthropist, and goes about the country, especially to colleges, lecturing to our youth and young men on the cardinal civic virtues.

Nothing funnier than this can be found in "Innocents Abroad," and I wonder that our great humorist did not write a book on Innocents at Home. And still we pride ourselves, as a people, on our keen sense of humor.

It would be, of course, the highest impertinence to ask this great philanthropist and lecturer on civic virtue to our college youth, what he had ever done to entitle him to his millions and his character as a philanthropist.

Is there anything in the shape of a humbug or a fraud that we as a nation will not eagerly swal-

low? Dr. Cook is the representative of a very large class which we actually run after. Even when this man was proven by his own records a fraud and a humbug in every sort of way, the very periodical that denounced him most unsparingly, and printed the truthful account of the true hero, whom the fraud had tried to cheat out of his fame and glory,—even this periodical has the face to ask the people of this land to listen to this blackguard tell the story of his own infamy. But even this creature's confessions are as fraudulent as his claims were. We have indeed lost the saving grace of all persons and nations—the sense of humor—when we can make ourselves so utterly ridiculous before the whole world.

This, if nothing else, would prove beyond any question that the native wit and good sense of the American are fast passing away.

V

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH POLE

Time was when America could recognize a true hero when he appeared. Washington, Lincoln, Garrison, and Lee were all of the heroic mould. And the nation honored itself in honoring them. That time has passed, and nothing, not even our philanthropic millionaire, testifies so surely to the decadence of the true American heart and spirit as our treatment of that world hero, Robert Edwin Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole. You will be at some pains to find in the whole scope of national history, ancient and modern, anything at all parallel to the treatment this hero has received at the hands of his own people. There have been cases, to be sure, such as Columbus, where the first outburst of national pride and gratitude has been followed by a reaction, founded for the most part on jealousy, and the hero of one day is the villain of the next. But I know of no case where a true and great hero, such as Peary, has not received at once and without stint the proud homage of his own countrymen. The first im-

pulse of men and nations is always the most generous impulse; and the soul of a man or a nation must be very dead indeed not to thrill at such an heroic endeavor and triumphant achievement as the discovery of the North Pole by an American citizen, with all the best traditions of his native land.

This treatment of Peary by his own people, as represented by Congress, is proof positive that the original spirit of America has departed. In Peary we have the kind of hero that any nation with ideals above the standards of the grafter and the millionaire, the combine and the monopoly, would have acclaimed with loud and enthusiastic praise and generous reward.

Peary's achievement in itself is one of the very greatest in the whole history of noble and romantic adventure. But the manner of this persistent adventure adds immensely to the renown of the achievement. Nearly a quarter of a century of unsparing self-sacrifice, unceasing labor, and perilous adventure did this true son of the true America give to his splendid task. He was ambitious? Yes. But what a fine ambition! The kind of ambition that made "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome."

And yet this great hero—the greatest hero perhaps in the field of noble action—that the world has produced for a hundred years or

more: This American, this world hero, is belittled and insulted in the Congress halls of his native land, and his compatriots do not rise up in mass and fling these contemptible mean-souled creatures out of the places of national trust they have so foully disgraced. This, I say, is the kind of blackguard treatment our hero is subjected to in his own country, while all the world besides proclaims him a universal hero, worthy the praise and honor of all men. It is difficult—in fact I find it quite impossible—to speak with patience concerning this most disgraceful matter. One might have thought that the United States Navy would have protested, with indignation, in the spirit of a common service, against this vile treatment of a brother officer, who had brought such signal honor upon their profession. But instead of such a natural and honorable course we have heard nothing but carping criticism and detraction, inspired by jealousy. And worst of all, by the spirit of snobbery which would not allow that Peary was a naval officer, on an equal footing with other officers, these gentlemen must needs make it plain to all the world that the discoverer of the North Pole was not of the same status and dignity as themselves. There is not another officer in the whole of the United States Navy, so far as I know, who has done such difficult and valuable coast-line work, to say

nothing of the North Pole, as Commander Peary. A map of the coast line of the Arctic region has been made possible only through the arduous work of this officer of "inferior status."

One of the very finest features of Peary's triumph was the fact that it was made in the line of duty, and after 23 years of endeavor, under orders from the President of the United States. Nearly a quarter of a century did this American citizen give to study and toil and persistent adventure, before he reached the goal of his quest. No nation can show a finer type of man, a more thorough, a more determined, explorer, and he very nearly in himself redeems the whole nation and would do so if the nation had the heart and mind to see and appreciate his character. It is this national blindness which is the fatal obstacle to our salvation.

Had Commander Peary been a Briton he would now in all probability be numbered with the proud peers of the realm—the highest honor that nation can bestow.

Lieutenant Shackleton on his return from "a point furthest south" was immediately acclaimed a national hero by the Parliament of his country, and was awarded a knighthood and a grant of $100,000. The Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain examined his claims to have reached the furthest point south, and allowed these claims.

The same learned Society—the highest authority on such matters in the world, except of course the United States Congress—also examined Commander Peary's claims to have reached the North Pole, and confirmed these claims, and in token of the value the Society set upon this discovery it granted Commander Peary its special gold medal, the highest honor within its power to bestow. And still, after more than nine months, and after all the most learned geographical societies of the world, so far as I know, have pronounced Peary the discoverer of the North Pole,—I say, after all the world outside of America has recognized and honored Peary as the discoverer of the North Pole, and the greatest hero of his day, the Congress of the United States has done nothing but insult this great American, even in the face of a request of the President that some fitting honor should be bestowed upon him. This conduct is sufficient in itself to cover the United States Congress with everlasting infamy, and to make one almost wish that a Cromwell would come forward and kick these little creatures out of the doors of the Capitol and send them about their business. It is being rumored, as I write (February, 1911), that Congress may be induced to grant President Taft's request, and bestow the rank of Rear Admiral on the discoverer of the North Pole. If this should

prove true, I hope Peary will decline such a tardy, reluctant, and ungraceful recognition of his great achievements. This would brand with shame the present United States Congress for all time, and serve as a warning to future congresses. Perhaps it may be just as well for me to say that I have never had the great honor of seeing the discoverer of the North Pole, nor have I had any communication with him in any way whatever.

VI

OUR BUSINESS METHODS

The President of Columbia University has already told us that we are "Infants in Foreign Trade as compared with England and Germany." What about our home trade?

We certainly ought to know how to do business in our own country, but the plain fact is we do not, and this is the explanation of our frequent panics, the increasing high prices for the necessities of life, and the hard times which have been so prevalent, and so persistent, for the last four or five years.

Our inefficient business methods are at the bottom of all our economic troubles, and reckless extravagance is the chief source of our inefficiency. I am not a financial or economic expert, but I think I have common sense enough to see that the American habit of going blindly ahead without rhyme or reason, incurring debts on the right hand and on the left for all manner of unnecessary things, and then wiping it all off by an increase in the capital from two to tenfold through the simple hocus-pocus of issuing bonds, is as dishonest as it is disastrous.

Recklessness is the one word which best

characterizes American business methods, and recklessness is only a milder name for dishonesty. The old-fashioned honest way of nations and corporations, putting aside so much of the earnings each year in order to create a sinking fund to meet all contingencies, is altogether too slow a process for our present-day get-rich-quick American. But he will find out sooner or later that the old-fashioned, slow, honest methods of our ancestors are, after all, the only sane methods. The idea of a man lifting himself up by his boot straps has always been thought a somewhat difficult feat, but the American corporation has solved that problem with the greatest of ease, for whenever it wants to lift itself up from a low state of insolvency to a high state of wealth and prosperity, it has only to issue bonds enough and the trick is done.

"A new bond issue" is the magic wand that creates unlimited wealth in this country. A certain property is worth say a million dollars; one of our smart financiers gets hold of it, runs it in debt four or five million dollars; issues stock or bonds for ten millions; gets a commission of two or three millions for his magic skill and marvelous ability, and the American innocents at home rush in pell mell to take the gutted concern off his hands, and proclaim him a marvel, a wonder,—the sort of financier that only America can produce.

A great railway corporation has just incurred a debt of one hundred million dollars in the construction of one station, among its thousands. It is true that this station is in New York and therefore the most important of all. It has just been opened, and is beyond question the most imposing railway structure in the whole world. And that fact, to judge from what the press has said, is quite sufficient for its justification—according to American business methods.

Immediately following the completion of this one-hundred-million-dollar station, the directors of this great company advertise (January 11, 1911) an issue of stock, for exactly the same sum, only one hundred million dollars. This is lifting one's self by one's boot straps with a vengeance. Why should not this company go on building one-hundred-million-dollar stations all along its line, as it has only to print stock certificates enough to cover this sum, or any sum, for the matter of that.

This is a method of producing wealth, not only beyond Dr. Johnson's dreams of avarice, but wholly beyond the dreams of magic. The truth is the old time magician isn't in it with our up-to-date American financiers. Does any sane person suppose that this railway can possibly do business sufficient to justify such an enormous outlay for one station? This New York sta-

tion will have to make a profit of at least ten million dollars a year to justify its existence. This it could not do if it were worked to its utmost capacity every day and night for 365 days each year. It stands, therefore, as the most conspicuous monument of reckless extravagance to be seen in the civilized world. But not to be outdone in this monumental insanity business, a rival railway company is at work with feverish haste constructing another one-hundred-million-dollar station not a mile distant from the first colossal folly. Think of two hundred million dollars being invested in two stations, in one city of the United States, and you may get some measure of the financial insanity that dominates the business methods of our land.

If our national resources were tenfold greater than they are, and were being developed in the most careful and economic manner, they could not begin to stand such vast expenditure in so circumscribed a locality. The natural dilapidations of such structures must be many millions a year.

But this insane finance is not confined to railways and other large business corporations. It has spread to our religious and educational life and churches. Think of a university with a capital of nearly, if not quite, fifty million dollars, and a theological seminary—of all things—with buildings that cost $2,500,000.

The incongruity and utter vulgarity of such things, apart from any economic considerations, are enough to damn them forever—at least in this world.

Think of poor students living and working in such an atmosphere of dollars and material grandeur, and you will understand our national want of high ideals, and the reason why our churches are empty. When our great corporations, our universities, our divinity schools, and our churches set such a rapid pace of extravagant living, how can we expect the rank and file of our countrymen to live modest, frugal, and honest lives?

The contagion of the reckless, dishonest extravagance of these vast concerns spreads like a forest fire, all over our land, and reaches the grocer, the baker, and the candlestick-maker; and impure foods, given in light weights, are but small items in the general national degradation. The small tradesman believes that it is impossible for him to be both honest and successful under such an inundation of extravagance and graft.

The youth of our land behold on every hand unmistakable evidence of a predominant desire to get-rich-quick at any cost, and their young lives are thus poisoned at the very fountain of their being, before they can get a vision of the life beautiful.

Let me give a single instance of the way our great corporations are imitated by the smaller fry. I hold in my hand a New York journal containing the announcement that the ground floor of a building on the east side of Broadway above 23d street has been leased for twenty-one years to a retail business at the rate of $110,000 a year. Again I take from an evening paper of January 16, 1911, the following,—"The basement, first and second floors of the fourteen-story building at the northwest corner of——— street and Fifth Avenue have been leased by a new corporation, organized to deal in high-grade millinery and ladies' apparel. The quarters have been leased for a term of twenty-one years at a rental approximating $1,100,000."

Now is anybody fool enough to think for one moment that any reasonable business can afford to pay such an absurd rental? How can there possibly be anything but high prices—sky prices—when retail concerns invest such a large fortune in the initial matter of mere rent? The fact is New Yorkers are paying in many instances not only a hundred per cent, but a thousand per cent and more on the original cost. It cannot be otherwise when there is, to begin with, such an enormous, such an insane, outlay on the part of the tradesman before he can even house his goods, to say nothing of offering them for sale. This sort of thing cannot go on much

longer, without impoverishing the whole nation, for it is nothing but extravagance and waste.

I went into a New York drug store the other day and asked for fifty cents' worth of "ammoniated quinine." There is but one formula by which this remedy is compounded, throughout the world,—so I learn from a highly educated doctor, and yet the New York druggist gave me for fifty cents just one-eighth part of what London chemists give. The day I left London for America I gave one penny—two cents—for three oranges, and threepence—six cents—for four apples. These oranges and apples were imported into England. In less than a month I gave ten cents in Florida—of all places—for three oranges, and five cents apiece for apples which were not so large, nor so good, as those I had so recently purchased in England. A cake of cuticura soap, made in Boston, costs fourteen cents in London and twenty cents in America. There is not an article of American produce, from flour to apples, which one cannot buy much cheaper in England than in the United States.

I went one day, not long since, with one of those back numbers called Britishers, into an American hotel, with a view to dining there. My companion looked over the menu and the price list, and turning to me said, "I am very sorry but I really can't afford to dine here." No

more could I, and after excusing ourselves to the waiter we went elsewhere. I told this incident to an American lady, and a nice one too, who remarked, "Why, is Mr. —— as poor as all that?" "No," I answered, "he is not exactly poor, as you would consider poverty, neither is he a fool, and he is, therefore, not ashamed to live within his means." The average Englishman is not ashamed to say that he cannot afford such and such things, and he is also not afraid to tell a tradesman that his prices are too high.

If any further proof were needed to establish the insanity of American business methods, the automobile would more than provide that proof. If you see a man with a motor car in England, France, or Germany, you may take it for granted that he has a perfectly assured income that will amply justify this luxury. Very few business men, who are not exceptionally prosperous, would think of such an extravagance. So well is this matter understood that the motor car is said to be the one universal thing that differentiates the rich from the poor man, or from persons with moderate incomes. Therefore, to see a man in a motor car in Europe is unmistakable evidence of wealth. How does this work in America? A banker the other day in a western town gave out the statement that the possession of an automobile by any of his cus-

tomers would be taken as discounting those customers' credit in his bank; and would be reckoned against them when the question of a loan should come up.

One firm of real estate dealers advertised in October (1910) 260 mortgages to be closed on American homesteads—these mortgages having been negotiated to enable men to purchase motor cars. The madhouse is the only place for such people. Could business insanity go further, or bring more disastrous consequences in its wake? I quote the following paragraph from the *Ohio State Journal:*

"The remarkable growth of the automobile industry is illustrated again by the fact that mortgages on Ohio farm lands increased from $196,388,255 to $353,363,096 in the last fiscal year."

Is there one young man in ten in America who, like the stupid young John Bull I have mentioned, would have the courage to frankly confess that he could not afford expensive hotels, operas, etc.? The paying teller of the bank in which I have an account was arrested and sent to prison for a term of years, the other day, for stealing twelve hundred dollars. This man associated, so I am told, with young men and women who lived an extravagant life, and he stole from his employers in order to keep up with his set. This is the story that might

be told in almost every case of financial wrong-doing. A want of common sense and common courage are at the bottom of nearly all our business troubles.

I know a man who has a precarious income of about four thousand dollars a year, who thinks nothing of paying from sixty-five to one hundred dollars for an overcoat; or of giving from thirty-five to fifty dollars for a hat for his daughter, because this lady is in the way of meeting rich people. This gentleman also pays daily one dollar for his luncheon. A German with the same income would hardly expend twenty dollars, at the outside, for an overcoat, and his luncheon would never cost him more than twenty-five cents. His daughter would make her own hats, and dresses too, and his net income at the end of the year would be about ten times that of the American and in case of his death he would leave something for his daughter.

American clergymen do not hesitate to spend one-half of their yearly income in a trip to Europe; whilst an English parson is highly satisfied if he can get an exchange for a month, once in a year. I know a school-teacher who spent every cent she had accumulated in ten years, for a trip to Europe. She lost her place on her return, and is now living from hand to mouth, doing anything that by chance may come her

way, and the chances are ten to one against her.

This reckless national spendthrift spirit is seen in all things, great and small, and it will be our bitter undoing if it is not checked at once.

VII

AMERICAN WOMEN

American women are a new world type of the feminine and have to be reckoned with in any study, however slight, of our national life and character; and this study must always be softened and qualified by the fact that our mothers were American women. But taking as best I can a detached view of the American woman, I affirm that no better, no finer, no nobler type of womanhood has ever been seen, in this beautiful world of ours, than the mothers who bore us. They were in truth and in very fact helpmates to our fathers, and took cheerfully their part in the work of founding this nation. Such a thing as employing aliens to nurse their babes or to do the work of their homes, was a very rare occurrence in this country up to the time of the Civil War. We who were born in the South, it is true, had our black mammies to look after us, but the black mammy was not an alien,—far from it—and was so intimately associated with every phase of the family life as never to be the slightest barrier between the mother and her child, but on the

contrary she was the confidant of both, and served both in ways that cannot be expressed. There has never been anything in the world, so far as I know, just like the position of the mammy in the southern home; and it is quite impossible to describe it to those who have never experienced it. The New England mother is better understood, and more fully appreciated; for nothing ever came between her and her children. She bore them; nursed them; fed them; clothed, and often educated them; and it is to her almost solely that we owe the great men of the North who helped to make the first century of our national history. Jonathan Edwards, the Adams,—for three generations,—William Lloyd Garrison, Channing, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Bryant, Phillips Brooks, and their like were born of noble mothers.

Perhaps nothing can better reproduce the New England atmosphere of those heroic days, or give a truer insight into the hearts and homes than a story—and a true story—told of the mother of Theodore Parker. The Parker family were hard-working folk, and earned their frugal living on a farm near the historic town of Lexington, Mass. They were three in the family,—father, mother, and son. The father did his own farming, and the boy, Theodore, was often

permitted to accompany him, as he followed the furrow, or drove his team afield. One spring day, when the boy was about seven years old, he went with his father to some remote part of the farm, where the father was detained beyond his usual time, and the child's heart growing mother-hungry, he was allowed to return by himself. On his way home he passed a pond, and spied some beautiful pond lilies floating on the surface of the water. He secured a stick and was reaching out after a flower when an awkward tortoise crossed his path. The child, boy-like, lifted the stick to smite the reptile, but did not carry out this impulse. On the contrary, he dropped his stick, forgot all about the lily, and hurried home to his mother, and going up to her said, "Mother, as I was coming home I saw a tortoise, and lifted a stick to strike it, when something told me not to do it. What was it, Mother?" The busy housewife stopped her work, dropped a tear on the up-turned face of the boy, sat down, took the child on her lap and said, "Some people would say it was your conscience that spoke to you; but I say it was God, and if you listen to his voice, and always obey what he tells you, he will speak louder and clearer; but if you do not heed his voice, nor obey his words, he will cease to speak to you, or, at least, you cannot understand what he says to you." That was

the woman atmosphere in which the great men of New England were born and nurtured.

I went into the kitchen of a New England farmhouse last summer, and found the farmer's wife wearing spurious gold bracelets and patent leather shoes. The farmer himself was messing about with a second-hand automobile, which he had recently bought on credit, and which he did not understand, and for which he had promised to pay more than he could make during the whole year as farmer, milk and butter man, and Jack-of-all-trades.

This is as true a picture of the present-day life in New England as the story of the boy and the tortoise is of the elder-day life on the farm. All ideals seem to have fled, and waste and extravagance march hand in hand, where thrift, economy, and industry once held enlightened sway. It has been said time and again, by those who know, that the average French family can live on what the average American family waste.

We American men are what our women make us; and this is so in a sense that does not hold true of any other nation, for in every other country save America, the man is of the first consideration, not excepting social affairs. To begin with he is master in his own house. His word is law, and his comfort and dignity are matters of the first importance.

This is wholly reversed in this country.

Here the woman is first considered in all things, and her wishes, her ambitions, and her habits give the keynote to our national life and character. She it is who sets the family pace, in all kinds of expenditures, dress, houses, amusements, travel, etc., and her reckless extravagance has brought ruin into thousands of American homes. Divorces are now almost as frequent as weddings, and the cause is not far to seek. It is my belief that the reckless, senseless, and utterly heartless extravagance of American women will account for the greater number of wrecked families that strew our country's shores.

A German woman would never dream of dressing beyond the means of her husband. She, in fact, is the household economy, and to her the husband and father looks, not only as a helpmate but as a wise conserver of his means. The American wife is a luxury that only a rich man can afford; the German wife is an economy that the German man cannot afford to do without. A German wife told me she would be ashamed to appear before her neighbors in a dress above her position and her husband's means. "I should be ridiculed and shunned by all right-minded people," she said. The great ambition of many an American woman is to dress as well as, or better than, her neighbor, regardless of her position or her husband's income. Again, the average German woman is

the best-educated woman in the world. She knows at least two languages, and is thoroughly instructed in the history of her own country, and many other things, and yet she is never pretentious but always modest and unassuming.

The education of a German girl, even if she be a member of a wealthy family, is conducted in an atmosphere of the simplest and plainest living, without the slightest suggestion of luxury or riches; and this, I am told, holds true even of royalty itself. One of the very wealthiest families in Munich sent an only daughter to a high-class boarding school in Dresden. Meantime I went from Munich to Dresden on a visit of a week, and was asked by the parents of this young lady to take her a message and a small parcel. I sent my card to the principal of the school and after all due respect having been paid to red-tape—so dear to the German heart—I was received by the young lady and one of the teachers in a room devoid of carpet, or any other tokens of luxury or even common comfort, and the young lady told me that this room was a true index to the general life of the school. Each girl did the work of her own bedchamber, and partook of a common diet, which, while plentiful, never consisted of more than two courses of the simplest kind of food.

I must confess that, knowing something of girls' schools in America, I felt shocked at what

I considered the hardness of this young lady's school life, and made bold to tell her parents what I thought about it. They listened to me with the most perfect patience, and then easily convinced me that this plain manner of school life was the best and healthiest life for their daughter. It checked all disposition to pride and luxury, and placed all the young ladies on the same simple footing.

I know of an American family where the husband and father is on a salary of $3,500, and he,—or rather she, his wife,—is sending their daughter to a school where they pay one thousand dollars a year. I asked the mother why she chose such an expensive school and one not celebrated for its superior instruction. "Well," she said, "two of Hattie's friends are going to this school, and what's good enough for them is not too good for my daughter." Insanity! Still another form of our national insanity.

But I return for a moment to the German woman. Is she the slave of her lord and master? Does this domesticity of the German wife, this careful and thoughtful housekeeping, lessen her in the esteem of her husband? Does he accept her services and then dismiss her to her kitchen, and her linen closet? This, I know, is the popular American conception of the relations between the German husband and wife. But the truth is, there are not in the whole world

two people who are such intimate and constant companions as the German husband and wife. They are always together. They take their walks together, their beer together, and all their amusements together. I have often watched them with interest and admiration, in some beer garden, and have observed their utter oblivion to every one but themselves and their family; and I have noticed that if they should get separated for an unusual time, the husband becomes restless, and you will sometimes hear him ejaculate to himself, "Wo ist meine Frau?"

Some eight years ago, when rector of the American church in Munich, I visited the United States for two months, and under a very urgent request from a lady friend gave a very informal lecture, or talk, on the German woman before a woman's club, of which my friend was president. I must confess that I did not please my audiences very well, but that is not the point. My lecture was, for some reason unknown to me, reported by the New York press, and several things I said went the rounds of the whole country, and came back to me in all sorts of ways. But the most interesting and romantic echoes of this unwise talk were in the form of letters from men wanting German wives. One brother clergyman wrote saying that his salary was but fifteen hundred dollars a year, too small to allow him to think of taking an American wife, but

from what I said he was convinced that with a German wife he could live easier on his salary than he had been doing as a bachelor. I had to decline, I am sorry to say, this pathetic appeal to act as a match-maker in behalf of my compatriot for fear of complications that might arise out of the circumstance that I myself was a bachelor.

But I have noticed that many American students return from Germany with German wives.

Very few American women are nowadays willing to marry unless—as one lady told me the other day—they can better their position. The sentiment and romance of wedded life seem to have vanished almost wholly from our land; and the feeling of maternity,—the love of child-bearing, hardly exists in this country any more.

I made a visit once at a house in Germany where there were two sisters—the one married and the mother of several children, the other a spinster. Not knowing these ladies very well I mistook the spinster for the wife and mother, and asked after her children.

"I am not a mother, but I hope to be the mother of children some day" was the simple, yes, and modest reply of a woman in whom the natural instinct of maternity was strong, and she was not ashamed of it.

The native American woman does not want

the bother of child-bearing, and she is, therefore, bringing less and less children into the world. This is becoming a serious national problem, and is one of the chief causes of the passing of the American. A birth in Fifth Avenue, New York, is now a very rare event.

VIII

AMERICAN CHURCH MATTERS

The American cleric—I refer to the non-Roman parson—is the poorest-paid minister of religion in the world, so far as I know, and I know a good deal about this matter. I mean, of course, the average minister. There are a few well-paid—and over-paid—clergymen in the larger cities; but taken as a class, by rank and file throughout the land, the minister of religion receives a mean and wholly inadequate stipend, which reflects very badly upon the sense of justice and decency, to say nothing of the generosity, of the American layman. This contemptible wage weakens the position and impairs the influence of the minister in every possible way, and reduces him to a state of abject dependence upon the purses of his parishioners.

The prayer of the New England deacon,—"Oh Lord, if you will keep our pastor humble, we will keep him poor,"—is the spirit which prevails throughout the churches. A man without money, in our beloved country, whatever be his calling, and be he never so able and worthy,

can exert little or no influence in moulding public opinion. He may be a preacher or a prophet of exceptional ability, but if he be dependent upon the purses of laymen he is hopelessly compromised. How can this be otherwise in a country where the dollar is the standard of all value?

I overheard a very interesting conversation the other day in a railway car, between two women, which may illustrate my point. These ladies were discussing a certain Boston Baptist minister, and were remarking upon his independence and frankness of speech. "I was brought up an Episcopalian," said one of the ladies, "but I go to this church because the minister says what he likes. And you know," she added, "that Dr. ——s wife has several million dollars, and each one of them has their own special auto, and he don't care what he says." (I quote literally.) "And that is why the church is always full." Yes, exactly so. Nothing could possibly fill an American church so quickly as a millionaire minister "who don't care what he says." This is the best advertisement I ever heard of, and I advise all millionaire ministers to let the fact be known, if they want to preach to full pews morning, noon, and night. It doesn't matter much what they say, or how they say it, if they have a million to back them. I have not been able to verify—for want of time—the cor-

rectness of this story of the Boston millionaire Baptist preacher. He may be an entire myth; or, as is more likely, his wealth may have been overdrawn by these enthusiastic admirers, but the lesson remains almost the same, in any event. But at any rate, I know a millionaire minister in the Episcopal Church, who commands a position and a respect outrageously disproportionate to his character and his abilities; for, without this money to back him, this clergyman would be very slightly esteemed, if esteemed at all. But if there is a millionaire Baptist minister in Boston, he will understand, I hope, that I here make no reflections upon him in any way. On the contrary, from what these ladies said I should think him a fine fellow, who, in spite of his millions, is doing a good work among his fellows.

Human nature is just poor human nature. That is all, and we must reckon with it as such. At its best it is very fine, and always responds to a noble appeal. But left to itself, surrounded by the sensual and the sordid, without high ideals and inspiring leaders, it sinks to the level of the moral and religious consciousness which surrounds it, and if it breathes an atmosphere of dollars and material values, then it will measure all things by these standards; and the minister without a good bank account will be reckoned a poor, weak thing, who has no right to say his life

is his own; whilst the minister who can show as full a purse as his elder or warden will be a man of independence and importance. The man without money in this land is without independence or influence, whatever may be his character or his talents. There is, to be sure, frequently a certain rough and ready justice in this manner of estimating men's worth. It fails, lamentably, in many cases, but, other things being equal, the man of substance always speaks with more authority than the man who possesses little or nothing. This being so, how short-sighted, as well as mean and contemptible, is the policy of the American laymen to keep their pastors penniless, and hence powerless. All nations, to be sure, have their local and artificial standards by which to judge men, and all I am trying to say, at this time, is that money is a lower standard of human value than—for instance—birth or rank.

I acted as locum tenens for more than a year in an English parish, where a lord—the son of a marquis—had preceded me. I found this noble clergyman's picture conspicuously placed in every cottage, farmhouse, and hall, for miles around; and it seemed that every word he had uttered during his curacy was remembered, and highly prized, by the whole parish, high and low. All his peculiarities—I should say his characteristics; he being a lord could,

of course, have no peculiarities—were carefully noted, and I was constantly entertained by their recital. Of course this lordly English cleric filled the parish church just as the millionaire Boston preacher filled his church,—that is, by virtue of his being what he was, in social rank, and without much regard to his merits as a preacher. This, I repeat, is human nature, and we must take it as it is, not as we think it should be. Independence, money, security of position, high social rank, etc., any one of these incidental circumstances adds immensely to the weight of a man's words wherever or however spoken.

The stability and dignity of the Church of England incumbent rests in a large measure upon his security of tenure, which renders him wholly independent of the likes or dislikes of his parishioners, and gives weight and a tone of authority to his words and acts. Other things being equal, the vicar of a parish in England commands an influence that no dissenting minister can possibly hope to equal. This, I hold, is as it should be, speaking generally; for the man who attains the incumbency of a parish does so, generally, by virtue of service and merit, and these things count for more in England, I am inclined to think, than in any other land. Many things go, and should go, into the account in reckoning the character and claims of a man

for position. Each nation has its own altars and its own gods, through whom it approaches the throne of the Supreme Father of us all; and the character of a nation is determined by the character of its household deities. Birth and rank are the Lares and Penates of Great Britain. Dollars, syndicates, millionaires,—these be thy gods, oh, my countrymen!

But I return to the American parson. The contemptible meanness of the money power in this country is shown by the fact that the American minister of religion is powerless to help himself, and the church officials, knowing this, subject him to all manner of indignity, and he is made to live on starvation wages. The wonder is that he can exist at all. The average mechanic in America receives more wage than the average minister. This would not be so bad if the minister's manner of life were similar to the mechanic's. But he, and his family, are forced to keep up the appearance of living on the same social plane as his parishioners.

The multiplication of churches is in some measure the cause of the small stipends of American clergymen.

In a little town near New York there are three church buildings within easy speaking distance of each other; each with a mere handful of worshippers. Any one of these churches could more than accommodate the three congre-

gations. Now I think the people of this town, and other similar towns, should call a mass meeting and instruct the officials of these rival churches that until they can get together and settle their differences, and agree to let one of their number have exclusive occupancy of this small field, they—the people of the town—will not give one dollar to the support of any one of them. This would doubtless bring these church officials to their senses, if not to some proper conception of their Christian duties.

I was asked the other day to go to New Jersey and take four services on one Sunday for the honorarium of ten dollars. "Honorarium" was a very delicate way of putting it, but it did not disguise the fact that I was expected to do a very hard day's work, representing a week's income, for a stipend of $10.

There should be a law in each church stipulating that when a minister is asked to take occasional duty, he shall receive at least two-thirds of the regular salary attaching to that church.

I have spoken very openly, and very plainly, of these church scandals, with the hope that I may be able to do some service, however slight, for my brother clergymen, at whatever cost to my own standing.

This mean, this low treatment of the clergy goes hand in hand with the most wasteful extravagance in all other church affairs. I know

a church that gives $4,000 a year for its music, and $1,200 to its pastor. I know another church which has an endowment of $2,800 a year, and gives $1,500 to its rector. I know a country church, made up almost of millionaires, that gives $1,000 a year to its rector. Such cases could be multiplied many times over in all the church communities throughout the United States. And yet the multiplication of church buildings goes merrily on all over the land, and that in spite of the fact that the present buildings are able to accommodate three or four times the number of worshippers who actually enter their doors. Why not make an effort to fill the churches that already exist before building new ones? Ah, "but we must follow the fashion, the trend of social life, and must plant our churches on the most accessible sites of the new residential districts." So I was substantially told the other day by a church warden. "The church must use business methods," we are constantly being told. I answered the church warden by saying that there was a Presbyterian church just opposite the spot he had chosen for the new Episcopal edifice. "Do you think that friendly?" I asked. "Well, but you know we must look after the interests of our own church," he said. "The interest of our church is, or ought to be, the interest of all churches. Christianity is, I suppose, the underlying prin-

ciple of them all." "Oh, of course, but you must really, as a minister of our church, see that while we admire the good work being done by other denominations, still we cannot be indifferent to the fact that we are somewhat different from other Protestant churches."

"Yes, it is a somewhat different form of religion, I grant you. But don't you think that both churches, and all churches, are very greatly discredited in the mind of the people by such unchristian rivalry and worldly enterprise? Besides, it is a waste of money that might go toward increasing the stipends of the clergy, and helping to make weak, struggling churches within our own fold stronger and happier. Do you imagine, for one moment, that the public is blind to this church extravagance and unfriendly rivalry? Don't you think that if the different churches would consider and consult each other and not intrude upon territory already occupied, there would result not only a vast saving of capital, but the stopping of a vast volume of scoffing and unfriendly criticism from the skeptics and non-churchgoers? To talk of unity, in the face of this unfriendly rivalry existing all over the land, is a mockery.

"People look about them and see the various church communities trying to outstrip each other—not in good works, but in getting the best sites for new churches and in attracting

the most fashionable people. They behold this waste of energy and this money rivalry, this cultivating of an unfriendly spirit between the churches, they—the people—see all this, and stop away from church. And no wonder. The remarkable thing is that anybody at all should think it worth while to go to church!"

The churchwarden took my sermon very patiently, simply remarking at the conclusion, "You certainly have some original ideas on church matters."

I heard the Bishop of Montana a short time ago, speaking as the representative of the Episcopal Church, say that the rivalry among the different churches in his diocese was most disgraceful. No sooner is a new town started in that State, than a wild rush begins by the representatives of the various religious bodies to secure the most desirable corner lots for church sites. Business rivalry is not more keen than this church struggle to get there first. The Bishop spoke of two little towns of only a few hundred inhabitants, where there were actually two Methodist Episcopal churches,—one North, the other South—confronting each other from opposite sides of the same street, when one of these churches could accommodate nearly all the inhabitants of the place. Of course there were, I suppose, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and other churches besides these two Methodist ones.

The Bishop says that he will not in the future enter such unseemly sectarian races for place, and he advises that there should be a friendly understanding between all the churches, and something like assignments of special territory should be made to each church. This mutual agreement should extend all over the land, and put an end to the rivalry in church building and other wasteful methods now employed by all the churches. Given the true Christian spirit and the thing could be done almost at once. Until this spirit is manifested in an unmistakable manner it is folly for the churches to imagine that the people will go to them for spiritual light and leading.

Since I wrote my *Forum* article on "The Decline of the American Pulpit," a very notable change has been going on in the personnel of the American clergy. For example, all the best places in the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches in New York City are now filled by foreign-born clergymen. The largest and wealthiest Episcopal parish in America, and perhaps in the world, is now under the rectorate of an Englishman. This is also true of the most important Baptist church. In fact, I believe that the two most important Baptist churches are both manned by foreigners. The great Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, whose late incumbent was an Irishman by birth and

education, is at present without a regular pastor, and is presumably trying to secure another foreigner. I say presumably, from the fact that it has recently "extended a call" to an Englishman, who declined to accept it.* One would think that a sense of national dignity and self-respect, if nothing else, would cause church officials, who have to make choice of incumbents, to choose native ministers,—that is, if they can possibly find any home-made parsons who are at all comparable to the foreign article. Again, one would imagine—a priori—that the very intimate relations and functions appertaining to the office of a pastor, could be better, more agreeably, performed by a native than an alien clergy; and the inferiority of the native clergyman must be very marked indeed when, in spite of these obvious considerations, the foreigner is preferred before him.

I venture the statement that one quarter of the Episcopal clergy throughout this land is foreign born and mostly foreign trained. I know that, at least, one-tenth of its bishops—including the two great missionaries Brent and Rowe—are foreign born. Even the Bishop of Washington, of all places, is an Englishman, or an Irishman—I am not certain which. One would think that a suitable native might have been found for the capital city of our country.

* He has reconsidered the matter and has accepted the call.

"But the foreign-born clergy are so numerous in all of our dioceses as to hold the balance of power when a deadlock occurs, as was the case in Washington." This I quote from a brother clegyman.

The American Bible Society has a foreigner for its president; and the National Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church has never had anyone but an Englishman at its head since its birth, some thirty years ago. Is it possible that Englishmen are the only people who can direct the church temperance work in America?

These things tell the story, if they tell anything, of American clerical inefficiency as compared with the foreigner. For—be it remarked—this does not work both ways. There is not, perhaps, in the whole United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a single native-born American holding any clerical post of dignity and emolument. It is true that I myself did clerical duty for six years in England, under license from the Archbishop of Canterbury; but only as locum tenens, or curate, never as an incumbent. And I was looked upon with great curiosity as a novelty, and the English people wondered—as one lady frankly put it to me—how I, an American, ever got authority to officiate "in our Church of England." I tried to explain the matter to this particular lady, without much success, I admit, by saying that the American

Episcopal Church was a part of the Anglican Communion.

"But we are not Episcopalians, whatever that may be," said this lady of high title. "We English people belong to the Church of England." "Yes, but the Church of England is governed, or is supposed to be governed, by bishops, and is therefore an Episcopal church," I made answer. "Now then," this lady said good-naturedly, "I will not hear any more, for you Americans are so clever, you know, as to make anything you say seem quite all right. You'll be telling me next that I am a dissenter. I am a communicant of the Church of England as by law established, and know nothing about your American Episcopal Church, as you call it, so there now." And so also this lady must die in her ignorance, so far as I am concerned, both of the American Episcopal Church and her dearly-beloved Church of England. In saying all this I am not conscious of any personal prejudice against the foreign clerics who are being imported into this country in such great numbers. Many of my readers have doubtless got the impression that I rather favor these aliens than otherwise. I mention them only to let the public see in how many ways, and things, the native American is falling behind and giving place in his own country to the foreigner.

I have just been told that the Superintendent

of Public Schools in Greater New York—perhaps the most important educational post in the United States—is both foreign born and foreign trained. And again let me say that it is not any ill-will for the foreigner that causes me to mention this circumstance, but it is to point out the fact that this foreign gentleman has won out against all his American competitors, with the chances, at least, a hundred to one against him. He must, therefore, be very superior.

I know of but one native American who holds an important educational position in the whole of Europe, and that gentleman is Dr. Caspar Rene Gregory, Professor of Theology in the University of Leipzig, who was born in Philadelphia. American dentists, it is true, outrank those of any other nationality, and are found all over Europe, which is pretty sure proof that there is no prejudice against the American professional man, as such, in other countries. A medical professor went from Johns Hopkins University to Oxford, it is true, but he had come to the United States from Canada.

It is no exaggeration to say that there are hundreds of men, both foreign born and foreign educated, holding chairs in the colleges and other educational establishments of this country who are not even naturalized Americans. The Episcopal Church has now under its formal

control but two colleges—the University of the South and St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New York, and the latter has an Englishman for its president. Trinity College, Hartford, Hobart College, Geneva, and Kenyon College, Ohio, have been until very recently classed as Episcopal Church Colleges, and as such I wrote historical sketches of them all a dozen years or so ago. But they are now, so I am informed, all free from any ecclesiastical domination. Strangely enough, Columbia University is about the only college of high rank which is, and must ever remain, a hard and fast Episcopal institution; for no one but a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church can hold the office of president. This works out in a very curious way, for there are perhaps a larger proportion of non-Episcopal and non-Christian students and teachers at Columbia than at any other of the great colleges of America; whilst Harvard, which is the oldest and least sectarian or ecclesiastical of them all, has the largest proportion of Episcopal professors and students. "The best-laid schemes of mice and men," etc.

IX

OFFICIAL INEFFICIENCY

Railway. Army and Navy. Post Office

Mr. Louis D. Brandeis (a very foreign-sounding name, by the way), a gentleman of substance and weight in the legal profession, has recently made the statement as a witness before some court of investigation, and has re-affirmed it many times since, that the railway officials of this country are wasting $1,000,000 a day in the conduct of their business—$365,000,000 a year this means. A good round sum, to be sure. Yet I am surprised that he put the figures so low. From what I have read I gather that Mr. Brandeis has special reference to the loose administration of railways in such matters as the up-keep of the roadbeds, the want of care in providing against dilapidations of rolling stock and stations, and the want of high efficiency in the actual running of the trains. But he has failed, so far as I have seen, to note the most tell-tale item in the whole administration, namely, the accident account. This account is an absolute standard by which to judge the efficiency of a railway management, and it is at least ten times

greater in the United States than in any State in Europe; and the loss resulting from accidents is in each case very much greater, owing to the faulty construction of cars, a want of proper means of salvage, etc.

The only rational explanation of the enormously greater loss of life and property in the United States by railway accidents than in Europe is our want of efficiency. Were our railway officials as efficient as those of England or Germany, for example, there would be one accident where we now have ten; and a saving, I should guess, of something like a million a day, on this account alone. Accidents, I repeat, are proof positive of inefficiency, and the very much greater number of accidents in this country than in Europe is a true measure of the inferiority of our officials as compared with those of Europe. In plain words, our railway magnates, as well as the rank and file of their subordinates, do not know their business nearly so well as the poor, stupid, down-trodden Europeans. Let that primary fact be persistently maintained, and daily rubbed into the thick skins of these high and mighty railway lords, and in time we shall have things done nearly as well in the United States as they are done in the effete monarchies of Europe. Meanwhile I should say that the Boston lawyer might add another million a day for preventable accidents.

Wherever we are brought into practical competition with European men and methods we fail. For instance, we have long since ceased to be a shipping nation. There is hardly a third-rate power in Europe which does not carry in bottoms more international commerce than the great United States of America. And yet time was when we were amongst the first ocean carriers in the world; but now our mercantile marine has almost wholly disappeared from the face of the waters. There are, it is true, several American-owned vessels and fleets doing a transatlantic carrying trade, but they do it under a foreign flag, and are almost wholly manned by aliens. Even the vessels in our coasting trade are sailed, or navigated, for the most part by foreign seamen.

These general facts, showing the inefficiency of American official life, high and low, hold good in almost every department of industry and commerce.

Our banking system is the worst in the world, and America is the only land where a "Morse" and a "Robin" are possibilities. Men get to be presidents of banks in this country without knowing the first thing about finance, and without having established a character for anything wise or honest. The head of a bank in any European country must be a man who has attained his position by slow stages; and whose

knowledge, honesty, and judgment have been tested in a hundred different ways. Banks do fail in Europe, but it is from economic causes, not from the personal dishonesty of their heads.

Now I am fully aware that I have brought a hard indictment against the official life of my country, but I am fully persuaded that it is a just indictment. But is inefficiency inherent in the American character? Let us see.

I suppose there is not a more intelligent and efficient body of officers to be found in the whole world than our army and navy contain.

Field Marshal Viscount Wolseley, speaking in the House of Lords some ten years ago, said that the American soldier was the best in the world. This is the highest praise from the highest authority; and I imagine that no European in a position to know would dispute the statement that the American navy, ship for ship, man for man, is one of the most efficient in the world. I myself would go further and without fear of contradiction say that ship for ship, man for man, the American navy is the superior of any other navy.

The training at West Point and at Annapolis is superior to anything of the kind in Europe, and I think this is tacitly conceded by all nations. At Annapolis and West Point the cadet must submit to years of discipline, and hard and continuous work. He is taught to do one thing

at a time, and to do it well. This training begins early, and is continued through his professional life, and he rises by slow degrees (too slow by half) from lower to higher service and authority. He only earns the right to command who has learnt to obey, and the army and the navy are about the only places where the American learns this most important lesson.

The fact that the United States army provides the chief engineers in the construction of the Panama Canal reflects as much, if not more, credit upon it and the nation, than the victories of Grant and Sherman; of Lee and Jackson; and proves to the world that Americans, when well trained, can do their job as well as any one. It is the thorough training at West Point and Annapolis which has produced the great generals and admirals of whom this country is so justly proud; and it proves that if Americans were all forced to undergo discipline, to learn obedience, and to master their business, whatever it might be, they could easily hold their own with the best of any nation. And unless they do submit to such training, and that right speedily, they must give place to those who will.

The United States Government, while setting the nation a most excellent example in the army and navy, is lamentably wanting in almost every other department.

The extravagance and waste attending the

administration of the American Government is a shame and a disgrace. Not only is the actual expense in the conduct of the affairs of this nation greatly in excess of what it should be, but the continual waste of the national wealth is beyond computation. To begin with, the United States Government has given away to private corporations at least one-tenth of all the national resources in land, forests, minerals, etc., and has permitted these corporations to acquire by tricks and sharp dealing twice as much more. Mr. Frederic C. Howe in his "Privilege and Democracy in America" makes the statement that "one-fourth of the total acreage of America, an area greater than Germany and Great Britain combined, is owned by 50,000 persons" out of a population of over 90,000,000. There is nothing approaching such an unequal and unjust division of land in any nation in the world.

Our Government not only gives to the privileged few with a lavish hand, but it permits them to loot the national domain of all kinds of treasures in coal and ore, forest and streams, with utter impunity.

The steel trust has control of nearly all the best ore deposits in the land, and "within the last fifteen years," says Mr. Howe, "there has been stolen from the public domain not less than 150,000,000 acres, an area, as one paper sug-

gests, five times greater than the State of New York. The fact that the people of the United States have submitted to such outrages shows that they are wholly wanting in the true spirit of freemen; none but a stupid, spiritless race would tolerate such high-handed spoliation for one moment. There are still trees enough left in America to hang these 50,000 highwaymen on, but I fear they may all turn philanthropists unless this hanging takes place very soon.

Let us examine for a moment a single department of the national administration—the "Post Office," for instance.

Here is a very simple business "proposition" —the gathering and distribution of the mail matter throughout the country; and considering the facilities for easy and rapid transportation one would think that here certainly is one of the chief sources of our national revenue. The express companies do a similar and, in some instances, a competing business, and their profits reach as high as fifty per cent. Surely, then, the Post Office as a carrier of mail matter should secure a good profit. Such would be the natural presumption, viewing the matter, I repeat, as a business "proposition." But, alas, business principles and business methods seem to be wholly absent in the conduct of this department of State, and the post-office authorities have to walk very circumspectly lest they

tread upon the special privileges of the express companies and the railways. A senator from his place in the Senate made the statement the other day that it cost about $241,000,000 a year to run the Post Office department. "For $125,000,000 a year," said he, "a good business man who would conduct this business on the merit system could give a better service in every respect; and make a profit besides." A member of the House of Representatives had the audacity to say only last week that the "Post Office is run by agents of railway and express companies." Any attempt to free this office from these harpies is "throttled in its cradle by Congress," affirms the same member. In the early days of our nation, when there were no railways and no express companies, our post office was conducted at a profit of several millions. Put these two things together and you have the explanation. Great Britain makes a profit of about $25,000,000 a year out of her post office. The British Government provides the people with a cheap telegraph and telephone service, out of which it also makes a profit. We allow monopolies and special interests to control our telegraph and telephone service, and pay them about three times the sum that a better service costs the British people.

In this country almost all the conveniences are exploited by corporations, and it would re-

quire a brave, as well as an honest, politician to advocate the conversion of the telegraph and the telephone into public utilities; and to start for the benefit of the people a parcels-post in the face of all the powerful special privileges that at present dominate the situation. These things, to be sure, would be a great convenience and blessing to the public. But "the public be damned," as the head of a great corporation once put it.

And yet with all this cringing to private privilege and monopoly; with all this extravagance and waste in the conduct of the nation's business, the men who serve the Government at Washington as civil servants are the poorest-paid officials almost in the world. Young men of spirit and ability have better chances in almost any other field. The very highest salary paid to the civil servant, who holds a security of tenure, is $1,800 a year. This can only attract the unambitious, and hence none who are of the very highest efficiency. Better places may be obtained by influence, and in some cases by high merit, but they are not held with any degree of security, and may be lost in a moment for no fault of the holder, but simply because somebody with stronger backing wants the post.

With such a stupid system prevailing at the very head of the Government, how can we expect the minor affairs of State to be conducted

with intelligence or efficiency? The Government should set the example of good pay for intelligent and highly efficient service, with a generous pension at the end of each honorable career.

X

OUR STATESMEN

When Daniel Webster visited England he was given a state dinner by the Prime Minister, where he met De Quincey. On being presented to Mr. Webster, the famous essayist regarded the American statesman with close attention for some time—so the story goes—and then exclaimed, "Sir, you are a living lie, for no man can be as great as you look."

I don't imagine that many of our present-day statesmen would inspire such a witty compliment. No, they do not belie their looks in any such way as Webster did. They are small in mind and soul, and look their parts to perfection.

Go into the United States Senate and House of Representatives and have a look at our national legislators, and you will not, I think, be overcome by the marks of greatness written upon their faces. But stay and listen to their eloquence, and whatever doubts you may have had as to their mediocre, their commonplace—I had almost said, their contemptible—ability and character will vanish. Some aptness of phrase; some alertness of mind; some readiness

and smartness in debate, you will no doubt observe. But of real statesmanship of the Webster, the Clay, and the Calhoun order; the Mill, the Gladstone, the John Morley order, you will see little or no evidence.

Lincoln was our last great statesman. Thomas Brackett Reed and Thomas Francis Bayard had the potentiality of statesmanship in them, but were prevented by the exigencies of party politics from bringing these latent powers to their full fruition. President Cleveland had the instincts of a statesman, but was wanting in knowledge and opportunity. Our only ex-President has said and done some statesmanlike things, but in training and temperament he is a smart politician rather than a constructive legislator.

Turning from these men of undoubted eminence to the Congress of our nation now assembled at Washington, we find nothing to indicate, or suggest, that these gentlemen were chosen for their statesmanlike qualities, in even a respectable measure. There are some smart men, some able lawyers in both Houses at Washington; but that they are mainly concerned with statesmanship, or anything resembling it, no one is so simple as to suppose.

The leading senator from the South was, I am informed, brought up in a saloon. At any rate, he has carried the manners and habits of

the barroom into the Senate Chamber, and when he is displeased with the conduct of his colleagues he resorts to the methods familiar to him. This senator assaulted a colleague who disagreed with him on some public question, and attacked a newspaper reporter in the lobby of the Senate for publishing something concerning this august statesman of which he did not approve. Such conduct is, of course, in perfect character with the gentleman's antecedents and training; but why he should be sent to the United States Senate to display these qualities is somewhat puzzling. This senator has also grown rich, so I am told, in the practice of politics. What else indeed is such a man in politics for?

And yet the South used to boast that her representatives were the only gentlemen in Congress!

Another southern State recently disgraced itself by choosing an utterly illiterate man for the office of United States senator, a man who had gained his only fame as a filibuster, that is, a violater of law and order; and who, when governor of the State, acquired some twenty thousand acres of state land in a very mysterious and dubious manner. Fortunately for the State, and for the nation, this man did not live to take his seat in the Senate.

During the campaign of this politician for the nomination—which was equivalent to election—I heard a young college-bred man say that he

believed that this candidate had stolen land from the State; and he knew him to be an illiterate vulgarian, but notwithstanding these somewhat objectionable failings, he was going to vote for him because—and only because—his opponent was "too much of a damned aristocrat" and had "been too long in office." If these were the high motives which swayed the vote of an educated man in the choice of a United States senator, what can one hope from the uneducated voter?

As I write these words the question of whether a certain United States senator has been guilty of *too much bribery* is agitating his colleagues.

It is admitted on all sides that there was bribery; and that this senator profited by this bribery; but to exactly what degree he himself personally participated in unlawfully purchasing a certain number of votes, and, as a result, his election, cannot, it seems, be accurately determined. At any rate, it was a very little bribe, so his friends contend. This recalls the case of the unfortunate English serving-woman who, on applying to her mistress for a character, was reminded that she had been the mother of an illegitimate child. "But please, ma'am, it was a very little one, and h'it died," was the perfectly ingenuous reply.

Turning from the august Senate Chamber, and the question of how much bribery consti-

tutes a crime, let us glance for a moment at the House of Representatives. Look about you carefully. Do you see a single man who stands out as an able, fearless statesman? Have you indeed heard any member mentioned as being distinguished in any way for superior knowledge or virtue? Can you name a man who is fit for high political leadership? Let us look for a moment at the picture of the man who has for eight years occupied the place of majority leader. Here is a report of a strange scene which I take from a daily paper. It refers to the struggle of the insurgent Republicans to destroy the autocratic power of Speaker Cannon: "'If there was ever a clean game sportsman in Congress, Joe Cannon is he,' said Vice-President Sherman. What brought out this remark was a little incident in the Speaker's room after adjournment Saturday night. The Speaker entered his room almost exhausted. His face showed the strain of the tremendous fight which he had been directing against the solid Democratic party and nearly thirty Republican insurgents. In the room with the Speaker were Representative Dwight, the Republican whip of the House; James E. Watson, of Indiana; the Vice-President, and a dozen or so newspaper men. The newspaper men asked the Speaker for a statement. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'this House of ours has talked about 250,000 words

since the clock struck noon Thursday, mostly about me, but, like the mummy of old Rameses, I haven't got a word to say. But I can dance a little step for you to show that they haven't got the old man yet.' Weary almost to dropping the Speaker straightened himself up, stepped into the middle of the room, and for several minutes danced a lively jig while Mr. Dwight patted Juba. It was just a little side-light in the greatest period of stress and storm through which Uncle Joe Cannon had ever passed, and he has had many of them. The Speaker will begin his seventy-fifth year on May 7th next."

A little side-light indeed! A light that reveals the Speaker of the House of Representatives in the rôle of a buffoon, a merry-andrew, a vulgar fellow. Think of a man of seventy-five years, holding the highest, the most dignified post in the House of Representatives; think of him, after a long and strenuous contest over a question of orderly procedure, think, I say, of this high national official, dancing a jig for the amusement of the Vice-President of the United States, and a company of newspaper men!

And be it remembered that it is the Vice-President himself who makes public this merry performance of Mr. Speaker, with the evident purpose of holding him up for the admiration of the whole country.

Between bribery in the Senate, and jig-danc-

ing by the Speaker of the House, our national humiliation seems complete.

A judge in Atlanta "left his bench during the session of court," one day last April, "pulled off his coat" (I quote from a newspaper report), "and engaged in a fist fight with chief sanitary officer John Jentzen. Both men were bruised. The quarrel arose over a case being heard in court."

Here are two national pictures for our contemplation—the one of the Speaker of the House of Representatives—the other of a judge on his bench. You can take your choice, but for my part I prefer the fist-fighting judge to the jig-dancing Speaker, with his attendant and admiring Vice-President.

XI

EDUCATION

WHY are American schoolboys vastly inferior to English boys of the same age, and consequently much more inferior to French and German boys, is virtually the question that Mr. Horace Holden puts in a very able article which he contributed to the New York *Evening Post.* Mr. Holden does not, however, observe strictly the rules of logic, which require that the "an sit" should be settled before the "cur sit" is taken in hand. The thing must be shown to exist, according to logic, before any inquiry can be started as to why it exists. But when the existence of a thing is virtually conceded as common knowledge, one may, I suppose, pass on without further pause to the question of why it exists.

That the American schoolboy is vastly inferior to his European contemporary in scholarship is then assumed to be a matter of common knowledge. His ignorance, in fact, is truly appalling, and his manners are even worse than his ignorance. It seems to be the consensus of educated opinion that the average American schoolboy

and girl from twelve to fourteen years cannot write or speak a half-dozen consecutive sentences correctly; nor can he or she state a simple fact of history, geography, or mathematics with clearness and intelligence. The art of clear, simple, direct speech does not seem to exist in our schools, or even in our colleges. The teachers themselves, for the most part, do not possess this acquisition, and hence they can hardly be expected to impart it to their pupils.

I visited a class-room of the higher grade in one of our public schools the other day, and listened to a recitation. To begin with the teacher asked her questions in an awkward and slipshod manner. How then could one expect a simple, clear, and direct reply? There was none, not one, and it was really mortifying for me to witness such exhibitions of our educational incompetency. I asked to look at some of the scholars' written work, and found it almost unintelligible.

I have visited many private schools and colleges, first and last, and have found them little better than the public schools. Indeed, I have frequently found them worse, at least on the playground, if not in the classroom, and the playground is just as important a part of a school as the classroom. This fact is well understood and thoroughly provided for in England, and a master must be as well equipped for the outdoor

life of a school as for the indoor life. I listened to a number of university men discussing this matter once in a London club, and they agreed that the education a boy got on the playground, and in field sports, was every whit as important as the lesson he learnt in the schoolroom. Two of these gentlemen contended, with much cogency, that the playground was really more important than the schoolroom. They didn't mean simply the physical training a boy gets in the outdoor life of a school, but the actual mental and moral training that comes to a lad from the atmosphere of the school in its play, as well as in its work. Nothing, perhaps, is so sure a test of character as the way one plays; and nothing is a better test of a school than the manner of its sports. A boy who learns to talk and act like a gentleman on the playground will probably carry this conduct into his daily life. I have witnessed a great many school and college games in England, and I have never heard a profane word spoken by anyone engaged in these sports. I am not referring to exhibitions or special games, but to the ordinary games of the daily school life. I believe you may go from one end of England to the other without hearing one word of profanity uttered upon any school or college playground. At the first school game of baseball I witnessed after my return to America I heard oath after oath of the lowest and

most vulgar kind, out of the mouths of boys from fourteen to sixteen years old, and these boys represented the very highest social grade of the community in which they lived. One of the contending parties had "Sacred Heart" emblazoned on its uniform, and the other "Christ Church." A boy in England that would use such language would be turned out of the game at once, and all decent lads would refuse to have any companionship with him.

I sat in a high-class restaurant last week and heard two well-dressed men at another table using the most disgusting profanity, as though it were the language of their common speech. Such low creatures would be ejected from any respectable place in Europe. "Profanity," says Professor Lounsbury, "is a brain test. The habit is, in consequence, subject to the general laws governing intensitiveness. To a very great extent the practice of swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization. With the advance of culture profanity declines. It declines not so much because men become peculiarly sensitive to its viciousness, but to its ineffectiveness. Much must always be allowed in the case of particular persons for the influence of early training and association. Exceptions are, therefore, too numerous to lay down any positive rule; still, it is safe to say in general that a man's intellectual development is largely

determined by the extent of his indulgence in profanity."

Let this philosophy of profanity be understood in our schools and colleges, and it may moderate the ambition of our youth to excel in this special accomplishment.

I know of four American college students who were turned out of a beer garden in Germany for their loud and profane language. They resisted this treatment, and a fight resulted, which ended in these athletic collegians being locked up in prison cells, and I was called upon the next day to aid in procuring their deliverance.

A company of German students visited this country last summer and conducted themselves in such a quiet and gentlemanly manner that their presence was hardly known till they were just on the point of returning to their native land. They were then set upon by our enterprising newspaper reporters, and urged to say what in America struck them as being in greatest contrast to Europe. They were reluctant to speak, but when they did speak they all agreed that a "want of courtesy" was the thing that differentiated most distinctly this country from the nations of Europe.

At the same time, another party of German students were visiting England, and they also went about among the people in a very modest manner. They observed the educational, com-

mercial, agricultural, and artistic life of England, without feeling themselves called upon to pronounce their opinions of these things, but everywhere, and in everything, their attitude was that of idealists, as one paper put it,—that is to say, they took a friendly interest in what they saw, and tried to observe everything from an idealist's point of view. So good, so very pleasant was the impression these German students made upon the English, by their good manners and modest bearing, that one English lady—the wife of a peer who has been prominent in the councils of his country—offered a prize to the student who on his return to Germany would write the best account of his impressions of England, gained from his short visit. A young gentleman of Leipzig won the prize. And the remarkable thing about his paper was, that it consisted of extracts taken from his note-book, written in good, clear, and withal poetic English. To show that this German student's English was imaginative as well as correct, let me give a specimen or two from his note-book. I take these extracts from a quotation made by a New York evening paper:

England's trees and shrubs seem to have left their flock, the forest. At the borders of the field they are standing, forgotten by the statisticians, who measure the size of woods by square miles, not by the number of trees. Their rows divide

the width of the landscape. This diminishes the grandeur, but makes it more lovely. It gives resting-places for the eye, and animates the uniformity of the green lawn by a darker ornament. It is to be considered that the bright green of the English turf has been bought by a good deal of the blue of the sky. Nature is just.

With regard to his observations of the English people let the following be taken as a sample:

Der rücksichtslose Engländer, well known on the Continent, was surely abroad during my English stay. I did not meet him. The politeness at the table and towards ladies, the conduct of policemen and guards, and the good-nature of poor fellows in the streets are worth taking as models. English regardlessness abroad is, I suppose, nothing but the fault of a virtue: the national pride, exceedingly well cultivated.

What a really fine mind and spirit these observations reveal! Not a word which could indicate the slightest feeling of prejudice, or race superiority. He shows no disposition to be smart, to pick flaws, or "to score points." He thinks that the English stage is inferior to the German—and who does not?—and yet in the next breath he speaks of the acting of some Cambridge students as "splendid."

Throughout these notes there is not the slightest suggestion of the patriotic bumptiousness which is so noticeable in the American student

abroad? These German students did not think it necessary to make known their presence in a foreign country by rude and boisterous conduct, nor by showing a contempt for the habits and customs of the people of that country. No, their keen observations were made with a friendly eye and an open mind, but above all with the spirit of idealism. Now, this difference in the attitude towards life of the German and the American college man abroad, is the difference to a large extent in the methods and standards of education in the two countries. The German standards of education are idealistic. This is shown in the side studies—so to speak—of the German student; music, poetry, philosophy are the incidental matters which in the German university take the place of our college songs and rag-time music. The football of the American college and the duel of the German university about balance each other in brutality.

If the educational standards of a nation are wanting in imagination, that is, in idealism, it must follow, as the night the day, that the nation itself in its bone and blood will be without high spiritual impulses in morals and conduct.

Nothing, of course, could be more serious in the life of a nation than this matter of education in the family and in the school. The boy is not only father to the man, he is just as truly father to the nation. I have said some hard

things, I know, and for fear the reader may get the idea that I am disposed to be too hard a judge of the youth of my own land, I venture to give two letters on this subject, written to the public press from two points of view. These letters are selected from a large number which have appeared in the daily press, to the same general effect, and all lamenting the low standards and bad methods of our family and school training:

BOYS ARE BAD NOWADAYS

A Graceless Generation Chargeable to Careless Parents

To The Editor of the Sun—Sir:—Our boys and youths act very bad nowadays. Wherever you travel they are in evidence, breaking the laws and ordinances of the city, and breaking the laws of God also.

Why is it? My conclusions are that parents are at fault. Boys are not cautioned against evil and law-breaking; they are allowed to have their own way, to follow their own sweet wills. The result is a crop of selfishness, and acts that are vicious, criminal, and un-American.

No one checks the boy who puts his feet all over the car seat; no one says "stop" to the boy with the fiendish and shrill whistle; no one calls a halt on the boy who fights and yells

in the streets. Who says "don't do it" to the boys playing baseball, tip cat, pitch pennies, craps, etc., in and on our streets?

No one. Why not? Because the parents of these angels, these mamma's and papa's darlings, are up in arms at the least reproof to their offspring. No! They will do what is needful in the way of punishment for their spoiled chicklets; they will bring up their young as they please; the laws be hanged; no laws must antagonize their darling's inclinations.

Any such law is wrong and must be nullified, and the result is a lot of misfit men and women, undesirable citizens of all sorts later on, the kind that fill our jails and prisons and add to our taxes and the cost of living.

New York, *April* 30.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOLBOY

To The Editor of the Evening Post:—Sir:—Your correspondent, commenting on Mr. Horace Holden's article in your issue of Saturday on English preparatory schools, raises an important and difficult question. He asks why American schoolboys are "vastly" inferior to English boys of the same age, and consequently much more inferior to French and German boys —at least, in their scholarship.

As to our public schools, the answer is doubtless to be found in politics. The voters demand that their children shall have the privilege of

passing through the schools and learning what they may, whether it be much or little. They resent the imposition of high standards. This feeling is very noticeable in the case of parents of foreign (i.e. Continental) birth, and particularly in the case of those coming from benighted countries, like Russia, where the standards of education are so much higher than in America.

As to the private schools and endowed academies, the answer is perfectly obvious. The fault lies with our so-called colleges. They are and have been for many years the greatest obstacles in the path of sound education. They are neither schools nor universities. Their pupils are neither boys nor men. The instruction which they impart can be given much more effectively by the schools, if properly encouraged. The proof of this statement lies in the fact that such instruction is supplied by the schools of all other civilized countries in Europe, and much more thoroughly and economically. In America the waste of time, money, and youthful vigor and enthusiasm is most lamentable. It would not be tolerated in any country but ours—the home of waste and extravagance.

But how can the colleges be reformed? It is clear that they will not reform themselves, because the reform would diminish their importance and reduce their incomes. The net result of Mr. Eliot's forty years at Harvard—so far as the "college" is concerned—is that

clever boys may now complete the course in three years instead of four! A few feeble efforts have been made at Columbia and elsewhere, but they amount to nothing. Parents are helpless. They can only complain that their boys begin their professional studies or business careers at twenty-two and twenty-three—at least three years later than in France or Germany, or even in England. These three years are lost by American boys between the ages of nine and eighteen or nineteen. This is where the waste of time must be discovered and stopped. The American school should be encouraged and required to render the service which Mr. Holden says the English "preparatory" schools perform so well. Our schools can easily do as well as the English schools, granting that they cannot equal those of France and Germany, if they are not obstructed and repressed by the colleges. The junior or senior classes of the colleges must be the goal of the schools. The freshman and sophomore years, and in many instances the junior year also, would be superseded by the much more efficient and successful instruction of the schools. Thus American boys would once more begin their life-work as in the old time—with unimpaired and unabated hope, zeal, vigor, and enthusiasm. And many an anxious parent would be relieved of burdens too heavy to be borne.

AN ANXIOUS FATHER.

NEW YORK, *September* 16.

But are the girls being brought up any better than the boys? Hardly, judging from what I have seen, and more especially from what I have read. Here is a little picture of schoolgirl life that reveals the depth to which the home and school influence may fall. I quote from a daily paper.

SCHOOL GIRLS JOIN IN MOB

Assist in Search for Negro who Attempted to Assault 17-year old Kansas Girl

By Associated Press

"Kansas City, March 9.—Determined to avenge the attempted assault on Cora Downs, seventeen years old, by a negro here to-day, fifty high-school classmates of the girl to-night joined the sheriff's posse searching for the fugitive.

They declare that they will deal summarily with the negro if caught. The girl was returning from school when attacked, and her screams frightened the negro away."

Nothing quite so bad as this can, I think, be found in any civilized nation, outside of our own beloved country. This I grant is an extreme and, let us hope, an exceptional case, but it shows to what lengths the disregard of law and order, and the want of ideals among the youth of our

land may go. The future of this country is utterly hopeless unless the training in the family and school is radically improved, and that without delay. We must have a new sort of school, a new sort of teacher, and an entirely new atmosphere in the school house and on the playground. When we get the new teacher—the right teacher, with authority from the State, and not from the ward politician—to teach right, then, and not till then, will the true spirit of idealism enter into our national life, inspiring its conduct and its ambitions.

A word more about the college and the college-bred man. *The Educational Review*—which ought to speak with knowledge and authority—reprinted from *The Argonaut* some months ago, with apparent approval, a very strong and a very striking indictment of the college-bred man. *The Argonaut* says that it has found, in its own experience, the college-bred youth to be utterly hopeless; and this after repeated trials, extending over a long period of time. "He cannot write clear English to begin with," says *The Argonaut.* But if "clear English" were suddenly made an essential qualification of journalism, I fear most of our journals would be left with a very small staff.

The experience of *The Argonaut* with the college-bred man is not exceptional, but seems common to all the high-class journalism of

America, with perhaps one exception. For there is, I believe, one American daily paper that makes a college diploma a *sine qua non* for membership on its staff. A New York evening paper, in commenting on *The Argonaut's* statements, gives a striking illustration of their truthfulness in the following story.

At a dinner given in the Century Club some two or three years ago, where a very large representation of the highest order of American journalism was present, including the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and the then editor of *The Century Magazine*, it chanced that this subject —The College Man in Journalism—came up, and it was found that of all these editors and journalists one only was a college man.

This furnishes a pretty wide induction, and points to the fact that a college education is a very heavy handicap, if not a fatal disqualification for at least one of the intellectual pursuits of this country. If so, the fault lies in the fact that the American school and college do not require the thorough mental mastery of a subject, as do, for examples, "the German gymnasium, and the English public school."

The average American college boy has hardly any conception of what the conditions of real knowledge are. That is, he has never experienced the sensations of mastery over any real intellectual problem. Let this sensation once

be felt and the intellectual life of that student is assured. And it is the primary business of the school and college to produce that sensation. To know one thing well is to know the conditions of all knowledge. Unconscious ignorance is hopeless ignorance. Grant Allen tells the story of being entertained by some American ladies who "during the whole evening talked about nothing that they knew anything at all about." I think we have all had similar experiences.

I was asked not long ago by a lady of some prominence in intellectual circles, what I thought of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. I replied that I had no time to waste on such insane theories. She took this as a challenge, and immediately began to expose her woeful ignorance of both Bacon and Shakespeare. I did not interrupt, and made no comment at the end of her discourse, which she took, as I could plainly see, to be a tacit confession that I was unable to contend with her on this subject, concerning which neither of us knew anything.

The fruits of this neglect of mastery in our schools and colleges crop up all over our land in all kinds of ways, and seriously affect the fibre of our national life and character.

XII

THE PASSING OF AMERICAN HUMOR

NOTHING, I suppose, has been so characteristic in the past of the typical American as humor, and nothing is so sure a witness of a clear head and a sound heart. The really humorous man is—he cannot but be—a philosopher and a saint, in a more or less degree. He is about the only sane man, for sanity is an attitude of mind which does not take anything in heaven or on earth too seriously. Insanity, for the most part, is over-seriousness; an over-emphasis of some one thing. It may be one's self; it may be one's neighbor; it may be one's God; but it is always and everywhere seeing one thing out of focus, out of relation to all other things. There is no such thing as the thing—in itself. That was the ghost which haunted the philosophy of Immanuel Kant. A thing exists only by virtue of its relations to all other things. The only way to define a thing, says Hegel, is to show what it is not. And this is now, I believe, the approved method of the medical profession. The wise physician begins his examination of a patient by the process of elimination, and deter-

mines what the trouble is, by first finding out what it is not.

The humorist sees, instinctively, the right relation of one thing to all other things. He is quick to apprehend the law of the eternal relationship of things. And this enables him, better than any other man, to unmask vain conceit, and empty pretense, solemn stupidity, hypocritical piety, and fictitious sanctity. He sees through the tricks and shams of all sorts and conditions of impostors, and kills them with a laugh, as Cervantes killed the false chivalry of Spain. This is, perhaps, the most characteristic feature of the humorist. Where less discriminating critics employ elaborate and futile arguments, the humorist confounds his antagonist by a mere turn or twist of a word or a sentence.

The humorist is the only man who knows how to deal with those solemn and sacred humbugs in Church and State who—somehow or other—have always succeeded in persuading the world to take them at their own enormously overrated value. Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith dealt with these grave impostors during their day and generation, and Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley deal with these solemn gentlemen of the present day. It is a peculiar trick of the humorist to get at the heart of the imposition with a few thrusts of the pen or pencil, whilst

your so-called serious-minded person flounders and fumbles and fails; and yet often manages to pass for a wise man.

These are some of the many reflections which have passed through my mind recently. I have asked myself over and over again this question —Why is it that the mere humorist can see so plainly the right path, where the appointed guardians of Church and State stumble along in darkness and confusion?

The endeavor to answer this question started an investigation, the results of which I now lay before my reader. This may be a slight departure from the purpose of this book, but I venture to make it notwithstanding. I began by a somewhat critical examination of the humorous people I have known personally, and was surprised to find that they embraced, not only the most interesting, but the very wisest and best people I have ever come in contact with. The scope of my enquiry now began to widen, and I thought of Franklin and Lincoln; of Holmes and Lowell; of Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley, and a host of others. I remembered also that Mark Twain's very best joke was his heroic struggle and splendid triumph in paying his debts—debts incurred by the unfaithful conduct of another. Can it be possible, I now asked myself, that the humorist, strange as it sounds, is the best, the very best, material for a saint that can be found in life

and letters? Not, to be sure, to canonize and be registered in the Church Calendar, but just to study and admire and love. I was startled at first by my strange use of the word saint, but upon reflection I began to question if, after all, bishops and monks and nuns had a right to the monopoly of sainthood. At any rate, I was now fully determined to start upon the quest of a very secular saint—the Humorist. The novelty of the thing added immensely to the interest of my pursuit, which I hope may be shared by my readers. But how should I go about my investigation? I was in the country with no one to consult, and a very limited range of books at my command. I had access, however, to the Encyclopædia Britannica, and concluded to begin my search by running down in the pages of this work all the names I could think of in history, who were known as humorists. But I soon found that this was going rather far afield, and for the most part into an unknown land. I concluded, therefore, to confine my search to modern Christian times. I must confess that the very first name I came upon staggered me, and almost upset my entire postulate. This name was "Rabelais"—a monk who told coarse stories about the most sacred things. And yet he was not only the first humorist in point of time in our modern world, but he was also one of the first humorists that ever lived in point of

merit, so said the Britannica. The account of him in the Encyclopædia begins thus: "François Rabelais (1490–1553), the greatest of French humorists, and one of the few great humorists of the world." I read on and was glad to learn that he was a man of "great literary knowledge in Greek and Latin, and a great orator in Greek, and Latin, and French." It was pleasant to know that the first humorist was not an ignoramus, at any rate; but, on the contrary, one of the greatest scholars of his day. Still, I feared that all his knowledge and varied accomplishments would not atone for his coarseness, nor help my thesis much. But, as I read on, I found that he gave up the cloister for the practice of medicine. That sounded healthier. He went to Lyons, and was the centre of a brilliant circle of men of letters. He was condemned by the Sorbonne. That seemed more encouraging. But he afterwards returned to the Church, and held a living to the end of his life. That was at least practical. These are the facts that appear upon the surface of history; and there is nothing in them, so far as I could see, that either helped or hindered my quest. But, upon looking further and deeper into the history of those times, I find that in the midst of corrupt Churchmen and pretenders of all sorts, Rabelais lived not only a respectable life—judged by the standards of his own generation—but the best life of

any of his companions, if not of his contemporaries. I now turned to his famous—some might say infamous—books, "Gargantua" and "Pantagruel." I found them very coarse, almost unreadable, in fact, but there is not, so far as I have seen, one foul or filthy suggestion in either of these volumes; and if I were called upon for a criticism of Rabelais, I should say he was coarse in the letter, but almost pure in the spirit, of his speech. That Rabelais made use of coarse language for any other purpose than to unmask ignorance, pretence, and all kinds of hypocrisy and corruption, no one, I suppose, would contend. Rabelais is not an author to be read today for the general edification of society; but that he was a wholesome influence in his own day, I fully believe. I was greatly elated with the discovery that even Rabelais was the best of his time, as well as of his kind. He was a clergyman, but not the sort that the Church canonizes. He may not have been a saint, but he was certainly "the best man of his time."

"Cervantes" stood next in the order of time, and first certainly in the order of importance. I turned him up in the Encyclopædia with less fear than I had Rabelais, but still with some uneasiness of mind.

I found that this great Spanish humorist was one of the first scholars of his day, when scholarship was high; and a most notable soldier, when

Spain's military glory was at its zenith. I learned among other things that the young Cervantes left a bed of severe sickness, against the strong protests of his comrades in arms, to take his post in the great battle of Lepanto, which broke for ever the spell of the invincible Turk. That he fought with great bravery and skill in many battles; that he was captured by the Turks, and kept as a slave for five years; and after his ransom he married and lived faithfully and happily with his wife, respected and honored by all whose respect was worth having. Cervantes must have been, in fact, a singularly pure and noble character, as the only thing his critics could say of him, after the publication of "Don Quixote," was that its author was "old, poor, and without friends, and with more tongue than hands"—he had lost one hand in battle.

I felt sure of my saint this time, but concluded, before canonizing him in this volume, to read "Don Quixote" once more. I fortunately have a good four-volume edition, and have enjoyed this last reading more than any previous one, except a reading given by Lowell at Harvard University several years ago. This last perusal of the immortal Don has taught me what I did not even learn from Lowell—or, if I did, I have forgotten it—viz., that Cervantes tilts his humor, not against knight-errantry as such, but against the bad literature of his time. As he himself

says, he wrote "to destroy the credit of those romances whose reading was so pernicious to the taste and morals of the age, and to furnish a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits." Sainte-Beuve calls "Don Quixote" the "Book of Humanity." No other book has ever approached this work in the delight it has given mankind for more than three hundred years. We see in "Don Quixote," as nowhere else in all literature, the antithesis of the pure imagination without understanding, Don Quixote himself, and the commonplace good sense without imagination, Sancho Panza; and it is between the terms of this antithesis that the eternal conflict of the world goes on.

Cervantes learnt the great lesson of humanity that his book teaches, in a very rough school of life; for at no period of his career, as a soldier, or man of letters, was he in a condition of prosperity, or even of comfort. Taken a prisoner when a young man, he suffered five years of slavery under a master who was a monster of cruelty. The spirit in which Cervantes bore his degrading and cruel captivity is quite enough in itself to make him one of the greatest heroes of romance. He never complained, but was always cheerful, and did all within his power to cheer his fellow captives, many of whom were his superiors in birth and rank but turned to him for comfort in the hour of their distress. They made

many unsuccessful efforts to escape, Cervantes always taking upon himself the blame, and suffering the punishment. His immediate family was poor and could not pay the large ransom his captor demanded, and his Prince—who had witnessed and applauded his valor—would not come to his aid, and the author of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, single book ever written was forced to toil as a slave, until a number of his friends and kinsfolk got together the money necessary for his ransom. But after his release from slavery he was entirely forgotten by his Prince, and was suffered to serve in the army in a very subordinate position, where he constantly distinguished himself, but without reward or even recognition. It is interesting to know that Cervantes helped to make ready the great Armada for its fatal descent upon the coast of Great Britain, and that he and Shakespeare died on the same day, April 23, 1616. On quitting the army Cervantes found himself poor and friendless, but he turned to the cultivation of letters without any bitterness in his soul, simply saying that he had "always loved sweet poesy" —and nothing but the sweetest and gentlest humor was ever conceived in his noble mind, or proceeded from his magic pen. His last words were—"So, farewell humors, farewell, my gay friends; for I feel myself dying, and have no desire but soon to see you happy in the next world."

I am sure of my saint, Cervantes. And yet it was a high Church dignitary who tried to be humorous by saying that "Cervantes was old, and without friends, and had more tongue than hands." This high-minded ecclesiastic was afterwards made a bishop and, for aught I know, is now one of the canonized saints of the Church.

On turning to English life and letters I felt my feet on surer ground, and began to look about me with a greater degree of confidence.

Shakespeare and Cervantes were contemporaries; whether they were indebted to each other in any way, or were even conscious of each other's existence, we do not know, but their humor was the same in kind and nearly the same in degree. It may not be said, perhaps, that Shakespeare ever wrote anything greater than "Don Quixote"; but it can be said that he wrote a great deal more that was perhaps as great. It is the quantity of his creations, as well as the quality, that lifts the bard of Avon above all other mortals. Shakespeare is too big; too all-embracing to be classified, but the word humorous comes nearer the expression of his supreme genius than any other word in our language. As Emerson so happily puts it, Shakespeare is the greatest laugher the work has ever known. But it is never a cynical, never a bitter laugh. Shakespeare, like Cervantes, is too great, and too good, to flout and mock humanity with his

mighty wit. He laughs with the world, not at the world. It is humor, then, rather than wit, that is the dominant note in Shakespeare and makes him the poet of humanity. We distinguish between "wit" and "humor," and for good reasons. This distinction is made very plain when, for instance, we think of Swift and Lamb. Swift is a bitter, and often an unfair and ill-natured satirist. He cries aloud and spares not our poor humanity. Lamb sees the foibles, the vanities, the weaknesses, and the sins of his fellow-creatures, as clearly as does Swift; but he sees them with kindly sympathetic eyes, and hence in their true perspective; that is, in their just relations to the present, the past, and the future. Like Shakespeare he sees the thing whole. He realizes the almost omnipotent power of circumstances over the conduct of life. He knows that men and women do not, for the most part, deliberately choose to be liars, cheats, and all kinds of evil-doers. It is this clear vision of humanity, as a whole, and not in detached parts, which enables the humorists to see the permanent good underlying the momentary evil.

While on a recent visit to a present-day humorist, I had a letter from a Most Reverend Lord Bishop, in which he wrote, "Your host has refreshed many a jaded brain, with his pleasant philosophies of life." Cervantes modestly says, in concluding his immortal "Don Quixote,"

that he wrote "to furnish a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits." Thus we find that the true humorist is the same at all times and in all nations, in the sixteenth century in Spain, and the twentieth century in England and America. With the least profession or show of any sort, he renders the greatest of all services to his fellowmen—he "refreshes the jaded mind" and "furnishes a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits." Of all men of letters the humorist makes the least profession; and is therefore the least likely to be a literary hypocrite—and the literary hypocrite is almost as unsatisfactory as the religious hypocrite. We like to have a sort of sub-conscious feeling that the author is with us in spirit, and that his creations are the true embodiment of genuine sentiment. And with this assurance to begin with, and end with, we desire meanwhile to be left alone, and to see as little of the author in his creations as possible. The time comes, however, when we meditate upon the writer as well as his writings. If we cannot know anything about his personal life and character,—as in the case of Shakespeare,—then we give the author the benefit of the doubt. But if we can know, we will know what manner of man our favorite author is, or was. This is, no doubt, in the first instance prompted by a spirit of mere curiosity, but curiosity has its lawful functions in this world. For example,

it is certainly curious to learn that Hegel—the most mystical and perhaps the greatest of modern philosophers—did his own marketing, and was a good judge of butchers' meat. But it is more than curious, it is very informing to see the feet of the great mystic so solidly planted upon his Mother Earth. This gives a touch of reality to the man that enters—we know not how—into our conception of his philosophy.

Again, when we read that Schopenhauer,—the arch-priest of pessimism, who declared that this world is as bad as bad could be, and that death is the only blessing it has to give,—when we read that this misanthropic, pessimistic philosopher ran away from Rome—or Naples, I forget which—to escape the cholera, we lose interest in his speculations. Nothing, in fact, is so upsetting to the reader as literary hypocrisy. The reading public will listen to an author who is a proved hypocrite with hardly less impatience than the religious world will countenance a priest, or a preacher, of like character.

When I was a child I was a great lover of Hans Christian Andersen, till one day I overheard a story to the effect that this great writer for childhood disliked children; and I have never enjoyed him since. The story may have been untrue, and doubtless was, for I have never been able to confirm it. Yet the mere suspicion was enough to destroy my interest in the author.

Bulwer's readers dropped off by the thousand and tens of thousands when his domestic sins were exposed. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the heroic struggle and splendid triumph of Mark Twain in paying his debts has added somehow a substantial strength and value to his writings they could else have never possessed.

The truth then is—at least in the Anglo-American world—that the time comes sooner or later when the writer is forced out into the open, face to face with his reader, and must give an account of the deeds done in the body, before the public takes a final estimate of his true value. This may be all very wrong according to the canons of criticism, but it is a stubborn fact, none the less, that all writers would do well to recognize whether they like it or not.

The reader, before he sets out on his voyage in quest of pleasure or profit, wants to know, and has a right to know, that his pilot is a good and honest seaman, who loves his work. And, once assured on these matters, he seldom, if ever, wishes to visit the pilot-house or question the pilot till the voyage is ended.

The humorist is—and in the nature of the case must be—modest as well as sincere; to make a profession or pretence of learning or wisdom, or virtue of any kind, would be fatal to his humor. The humorist is always disguising

his goodness, not that he is ashamed of it, but for the reason that he gets more fun out of it by keeping it to himself—his only aim in life being to "furnish a pastime for melancholy and gloomy spirits," or to "refreshen jaded brains with his pleasant philosophies of life." Of course, we know there are people who are altogether too serious and solemn; too great and good in every way, for such trivial employment. Unfortunately, many of these superior persons are given "the cure of souls," in which case there is little hope for the poor souls—in this world, at least.

Humor is a form of cheerfulness, and cheerfulness is essential to godliness. We shall see then that the humorist is always the best of his generation, if we will only stop and think about it. But he means that we shall not stop and think about it—or at least about him if he can help it. He is the last man in the world to set up for a saint; and yet it generally leaks out, some time or other—as in the case of our own American, St. Mark. Humor has ever been the saving sense of American life and letters.

Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mark Twain are the culminating points of the two poles of American humor in letters,—the "academic" and the unacademic. These two names are the high-water marks of American humor as expressed in letters; while Franklin and Lincoln stand for the highest expression of the humorous in

the national life and character. Behind and around these conspicuous names stand a vast multitude, which no man can number, of clear-eyed, sound-hearted Americans, who have seen the things of life and letters with a lucidity of mind which has enabled them to discriminate with marvelous precision between pretence and reality, truth and falsehood. Franklin and Lincoln are the typical Americans of their respective times. It is characteristic of the humorous man under all circumstances to keep a cool head, and no one can possess and maintain a cool head who has not a sound heart. Franklin and Lincoln were not only the coolest-headed men of their generation, but you will be at great pains to find their like in all previous and subsequent history. Let us look for a moment at the quality of the humor in these two colossal figures of the New World. And first of all let us glance at Franklin's attitude towards religion. He had some rather intimate associates who preferred the religion of "Deism." But Franklin discovered that these men were not good and honest citizens; and he concludes that "Deism, as viewed in the light of its advocates, might be true, but was not very useful." He says again of his own pastor that "his aim seemed rather to make Presbyterians than good citizens." And what could be more deliciously humorous than his letter to the great preacher, George Whitfield?

"Your frequently repeated wishes for my eternal, as well as my temporal happiness, are very obliging, and I can only thank you for them, and offer you *mine in return.* I have myself no doubt that I shall enjoy as much of both as is proper for me." Franklin once offered the hospitality of his house to Whitfield, who replied that "if you make the offer for Christ's sake, you will not miss your reward." But Franklin is a great lover of clearness and does not wish to have the issues confused; he therefore writes back, "Don't let me be mistaken; it is not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." I wonder if this eloquent man of God (who introduced slavery into the State of Georgia in violation of law) understood and appreciated the lucid honesty of such a mind. Franklin's mastery of English was as perfect as his humor; and it is at this point that the striking resemblance is seen between Franklin and Lincoln. They were both wholly self-taught, and they were both supreme masters of style. There is as much keen humor as good sense in "Poor Richard's Almanac." It contained, in fact, a much better and a much truer Gospel than the elaborate logical system of despair, which had been constructed by Franklin's predecessor in moral instruction,—the great Jonathan Edwards. Franklin's last words are in perfect character with the great humorist that he was. "Please say that I am too much occu-

pied in dying to accept the kind invitation to dinner."

Lincoln was the Franklin of his time in more ways than one; in the mastery of the English language as well as the mastery of the science of government, but more especially in the quality of his humor, which kept his head cool and his heart warm in the most trying circumstances of the troublous times in which he was called to administer the affairs of his nation. During the most anxious days of the Civil War, when the great President "with charity towards all and malice towards none" was troubled about many things, and critics rose up on every side to confuse the councils of the nation; at this great crisis Mr. Lincoln was visited by a delegation of citizens who meant to impress upon him their own importance and the seriousness of the situation. The President was subjected to two or three hours of solemn speech-making. The speeches dwelt upon the critical state of the war, and pretty clearly intimated that the administration at Washington was not as wise and as good as it might be. Mr. Lincoln listened patiently to these lugubrious patriots, and after they had finished their tale of woe, he told them the following story: "In the early days in Illinois I had a neighbor farmer, who one day on his way home from town, with his team of horses, stopped at a Methodist camp-meeting and got religion. This

event detained him till nightfall, when it began to rain, and the newly converted sinner had trouble to find his way home. There were few bridges in those early days, and on coming to a pretty big stream of water, my neighbor got out of the wagon and tried to find the ford. It was lightning and thundering alternately, but to the perplexed Christian there seemed to be much more thunder than lightning. He stood for some time at the head of his horses, peering into the darkness for marks of the ford, which were one moment revealed by a flash of lightning and the next moment concealed in utter darkness, accompanied by loud peals of thunder. The convert stood for some time in this anxious position, and then he prayed 'Oh Lord, if it is just the same to you, give me more light and less noise.'" This was all the answer the President made to his self-important critics; but they were Americans as well as he, and were not slow in taking the hint. A less sincere man; a man with less power and vision; in a word, a man with less mastery of the situation, would have fumbled at many things, and muddled all things by taking this delegation of distinguished gentlemen at their own valuation. But this simple story of frontier life hit off the case perfectly, and on hearing it the sober face of the anxious nation broke into a hearty laugh, and the dark clouds which had hung over the national horizon were dispelled,

and there was "more light and less noise." If America could only have one Lincoln in a century her national salvation would be assured.

I have said that it sometimes leaks out that the humorist is the real saint, and when it does, I have no doubt that he is rather pleased than annoyed; for such is the yearning for approval and praise in the human nature of even the best of us. Charles Lamb puts it very neatly, and gives himself and all humanity away—as only the humorist can—when he says that nothing is so pleasant as to do some good thing secretly, and then to be found out. There you and I and all of us are made aware of our inner selves, and all our lofty and hollow pretensions collapse. We can't escape the humorist; he is the X-ray that shows up all our little harmless weaknesses, as well as our moral scars and deformities. Again, the humorist is about the only man that does not need an explanation. He is so simple and unlearned that one never finds him hard to understand. Unlike persons of great weight and consideration—such as bishops, statesmen, professors, and the like—the humorist is no good as a casuist, although he can see the fun of this particular game with even a keener relish than those who play at it; especially when these weighty citizens are explaining their reasons for advocating some very questionable national policy. You do not catch a humorist advocating

any policy of Church or State that requires the use of casuistry. That is to say, the humorist never makes himself ridiculous.

Rabelais was a clergyman, and Cervantes ended his days as a lay monk. When one does come upon a true humorist in the Church how very refreshing it is. I do not mean a preacher who cracks jokes in the pulpit, but one who is so much in earnest as not to take himself too seriously. Father Taylor, the Methodist missionary to the Boston sailors, is a good example of what I mean. This reverend gentleman was so fortunate as to have Emerson for a friend. But his good Methodist brethren regarded Emerson as an infidel, and warned Father Taylor that Emerson was on his way to hell, and might take him along. To all of which the preacher humorist made answer, "If Emerson goes to hell, immigration will set that way."

Your tremendously earnest and altogether serious man—be he preacher or layman—may be all very well in his way, I have no doubt, but he will generally bear watching. Not so the humorist. You may trust him to the full. The first thing almost that sin does is to take the humor out of us. The liar, the cheat, and the hypocrite can't see the fun of things. The innocent only knows what it is to laugh a real laugh.

"Let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play."

It would be rather bold to say, even at the end of this study, that all humorists are good men, but I cannot at the present moment recall an exception to the contrary, from Cervantes to Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley.

I have said that humor is the saving sense of American life and letters. It is the saving sense of all life and letters. It is humor that makes life worth living. I cannot speak with authority concerning the history of letters, but I think it will be found that the wealth or poverty of any literary period may be seen and marked by the presence or absence of the sense of humor. Certainly the most barren period of Christian European letters was the time of the schoolmen, which is unilluminated by one ray of humor, so far as I know. There is nothing so exacting; nothing that requires so much of real honest, unspoilt human nature, as humor. The humorist is nothing, therefore, if not genuine. If the humorist but once surrenders himself to artifice, or pretence, his vocation is forever gone.

This dissertation, I repeat, is a departure from the purpose of this book; but it may perhaps be pardoned for the reason that humor has been our national characteristic, and I desire to have its nature and history placed before my readers at full length. Humor seemed to be native to our soil; a sort of natural inheritance; a kind of national attitude towards the

rest of the world. But it has passed away. It is true that we still have Mr. Dooley with us—and long may he remain. But even he—wise and good as he is—is not enough to save the whole land. It required ten righteous men to save Sodom and Gomorrah, and how can we hope to escape through the wit of one man? The test of humor is its universal quality, and Mr. Dooley is the only man among us who speaks the language of the universal. The truth is we appear to have lost both the gift of humor and the gift of true merriment. There is plenty of levity, of hilarity, of boisterous mirth, but little evidence of the merry heart. Our gaiety is strained, and is in the outward seeming rather than in the spirit and emotions.

The purely local character of our national wit is shown in the fact that the jokes in our comic papers are never translated into a foreign tongue, whilst *Punch* and *Fliegende Blätter* are read and enjoyed by the whole world. *Fliegende Blätter*—a German paper—strange as that may seem to the ignorant, speaks more fluently and more perfectly the language of universal wit than any other periodical printed in Europe or America. The chief merit in our comic papers appears to be to hold up a particular race to ridicule, and to make merry over some matter of religion. There is, I suppose, some wit still left in our land, but I seldom see any signs of it in the

papers devoted to its cultivation. I have taken the first paper that comes to hand to-day (Jan. 19, 1911), and reproduce the collection of witty(?) sayings contained in this journal—under the heading of "Newspaper Waifs."

NEWSPAPER WAIFS

"Does your husband smoke incessantly?"

"Worse than that; he smokes in the parlor."—*Baltimore American.*

FRIEND—"And were you ever in Venice?"

MR. RICHQUICK—"Yes. Slowest town I was ever in. The sewers were busted all the time we were there!"—*Puck.*

"Is your husband playing bridge?"

"Not exactly," replied Mrs. Flimgilt. "Some experts have merely invited him into a game to make it harder."—*Washington Star.*

"Have you ever seen me act?" asked the conceited thespian.

"No," replied the candid critic. "I have upon a number of occasions seen you try to."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

BELLE—"Wouldn't you rather sit down than hang on to a strap?"

BEULAH—"Well, it all depends. If I am on the ice I'd rather hold on to any old thing than sit down."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

INDIGNANT MAGNATE (whose pet measure is likely to fail)—"What do you think you were elected for, anyhow?"

DISTINGUISHED SENATOR (with a dreamy, faraway gaze)—"For six years—I hope."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Is your young man gittin' a sal'ry, 'Melia?"

"Sure he is. An' what's mo', de boss tol' William he's gwine double it."

"Dat's fine! How much is he gittin' now?"

"I dunno what he's gittin' now, but I speck it's somefin like half what he's gwinter git."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

I insert one more sample of a later date.

JOHNNY—"Grandpa, do lions go to Heaven?"

GRANDPA—"No, Johnny."

JOHNNY—"Well, do ministers?"

GRANDPA—"Why, of course. Why do you ask?"

JOHNNY—"Well, suppose a lion eats a minister."—*Life.*

How any rational human being can get any fun out of such sorry stuff passes my understanding. But perhaps my rather long residence in Europe has disqualified me for appreciating such side-splitting wit and humor. If so, I am very grateful to Europe.

XIII

THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER

WHAT I have said in the foregoing pages has been said in good faith, and in the hope that it may serve to arrest the decadence of the American spirit by calling attention to the downward trend of our national life and character.

Many of the virtues of the founders of this country were peculiar to their times and circumstances, and passed away as the old order changed, yielding place to new virtues, as well as new vices. The customs and habits of populous, highly organized, and what we call more civilized peoples, must differ, and do differ, very materially from those of primitive and scattered communities in a new country, where each village and town is more or less a law unto itself. But these changes from the customs and habits of a primitive to a more highly organized manner of life should strengthen rather than weaken the real bone and blood of a nation, if civilization means anything. This, I am persuaded, has not been the case in our own land; on the contrary, as I think I have shown, a

very radical change for the worse has taken place during the last quarter of a century in the fibre of our life, our manhood,—our national character.

Indiscriminate and immoderate immigration is, I believe, the main cause of this deterioration. We have ceased, long since, to assimilate the vast hordes of heterogeneous peoples who have been dumped down upon our shores, and who swarm all over this land in the eager pursuit of the mere physical necessities of life. This is the only object, the sole ambition, of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand. Such an invasion is actually as disastrous to a country as the invasion of Germany by the Huns, who were impelled solely by hunger (the very same motive that brings the vast majority of immigrants to this country), and whose ravages devastated the whole of Germany, and scattered its inhabitants beyond the Alps and the Rhine and to the borders of the Mediterranean. Such masses of crude humanity as pour in upon us cannot possibly be taken up into healthy circulation, but must lie undigested in the stomach of the nation, seriously affecting its health and happiness.

The early settlers of this land were actuated by very different motives. The spirit of adventure was one of the mainsprings that brought our forefathers here. And there is nothing sor-

did, but always something very uplifting and ennobling in such a brave and manly sentiment. A desire for religious freedom was another motive, and however narrow or mistaken the motive may be, nothing is certainly more praiseworthy, nothing more conducive to the making of good and strong citizenship. And moreover, these first immigrants, from whom we are proud to claim descent, came to a far-off wilderness with clearly defined ideals of morality, religion, and government. They came largely as communities, not as individuals, and they brought their civilization with them. Many of the communities were fully organized, even before they left their native land. The first Jamestown colony was a perfectly organized parish, with a pastor and all officers duly appointed. So also, in later times, was the colony of Georgia, which brought its pastor—John Wesley—and its governor with it. The New England colonies, while not so officially organized, were even more complete and homogeneous in their purpose and character. Homes these early immigrants sought, to be sure, but homes built upon the foundation stones of order, morality, and religion, and the ties of consanguinity. Never did an immigrant race of people, seeking new homes in a new world, think less of the flesh and more of the spirit. Never, even in the sad hours of their bigoted and cruel zeal, did any people—

not even the ancient Hebrews—think less of sordid gain and more of the ideal life of righteousness. These were the circumstances and conditions under which our fathers came to this land. Their coming was to each of them a personal adventure, each knowing well the danger and the hazard of such a bold undertaking. Moreover, each one had to work out his own salvation with fear and trembling. There were no "trusts" assuring them of a certain wage, and no steamship syndicates cooperating with these "trusts" to degrade labor and despoil the land.

How different in all respects is the coming of the present-day immigrants! They cannot possibly, in the very nature of things,—that is, in the conditions under which they come—be anything but a curse to the land, and to themselves as well; and a very much greater curse to themselves than to the land. The conditions under which the vast majority of the present-day immigrants come to these shores render them not only "undesirable citizens" but an actual menace to the civilization of the country. Not that they are naturally worse than our own native people; but the countless numbers in which they come make it well-nigh impossible for them to live normal healthy lives. They are crowded together in a manner wholly unknown to them in their native lands; and are

forced to live under conditions which render religion, morality, and even the decencies of life impossible. These are the things that make these hordes of immigrants a sore in the body politic, and an everlasting curse to themselves. Nothing good can come of men and women, girls and boys, thrown together in such heaps. Their degradation is sure and rapid. A year's time is enough to work the ruin of the most of these poor creatures. Look at these people at home in Hungary, Poland, Italy, and Russia, with the safeguards of law and religion about them; and then look at them one year after they have landed in this country. The quiet, modest, law-abiding Italian, Hungarian, Polack, and Russian is changed in the one year to the loud, rude, immodest, and—to a very large degree—immoral and vicious American citizen. What good can be expected of such so-called citizens, who have been brought here to enable the "trust" to devastate the land for its own profit? The only thing that can get any good out of such industrial methods is the trust,—the trust which is the Devil Incarnate—the devil that will soon turn this fair land into a veritable hell—if it is not checked. These immigrants, for the most part, had better a thousand times starve in their own land, under any system of government, however cruel and tyrannous, than to swelter in this country under the unutterable

foulness and filthiness of the labor conditions imposed by our trusts,—conditions which destroy the last vestige of the gentle emotions and sentiments of humanity. Idealism in any form is, of course, impossible to these people. We have just had a very good, a very powerful, and, as I believe, a very timely and useful illustration of what I am endeavoring to make plain. One of the most deeply rooted traits of the Hebrew race is the parent's love of the child, and the child's filial devotion to the parent. These beautiful sentiments have always, everywhere, even in their darkest hour, clung to the Jews with an indestructible tenacity. But at last America has gained the infamous distinction of snapping asunder this golden cord which has bound a race together for thousands of years. Last week in a New York court of justice a wrecker of a number of banks—a Jew who calls himself "Robin"—denied, openly, his aged father and mother. This was not the result of insanity, but of a deliberate agreement between himself and his distinguished sister, a woman with a world-wide fame in the profession of medicine. These two creatures had got on so well in life—as most people regard getting on—that they could not bear the shame of being known as the offspring of two Polish Jewish immigrants.

Let us look at this case a little and see what

it teaches us with regard to the so-called blessings this country bestows upon the immigrant. A family of poor Polish Jews came to this country to better their material conditions; and the parents succeeded so well as to be able to give their son and daughter what is called a good education. Their success is, indeed, most extraordinary. The son becomes a great financier—the head of a chain of banks; and the daughter gains a world-wide reputation as a physician.

Look at that now! one would have been told two months ago. See what America has done for these children of poverty and oppression. But listen to the heartbroken sobs of the mother of these distinguished people when they deny her before the whole world! "Meine kinder! Meine kinder!" is all the poor old creature could utter. Could there be two greater monsters found in this wide world than these two products of the immigrant civilization of the United States of America?

The entire nature of an ancient race has been changed; and all the noble instincts of humanity have been wholly blotted out in these two people by their American environments.

An exceptional case? Yes, if it were not exceptional Schopenhauer's philosophy of pessimism would be the only conceivable theory of life—at least in America. Two months ago

these two people—the banker and the doctor—would have been held up as very notable examples of immigrants who had "made good." What a remarkable, what a splendid success these two Jewish immigrants have made in this land with their two children! The son, the head of a group of banks; the daughter, one of the most celebrated doctors of the day! But how awful this all sounds now to the ears of this poor old degraded father and mother, who must face the world for the rest of their lives with the brand of having begotten two such monsters stamped upon them, to be seen and read of all men.

"Meine kinder, meine kinder! Would to God—the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—that I had never seen this accursed land, where gain and greed, and the unceasing quest for the material, the grossly sensual, kills every noble ambition, destroys every natural feeling, and makes monsters of human beings." This, or something like it, is doubtless what is now passing through the minds and hearts of these old Polish immigrants, who came to this country that their children might have a better chance in the battle of life than they, their parents, had enjoyed.

If then these heterogeneous masses of immigrants are in a great measure a curse to this country, they are a far greater curse to themselves; and it should be the patriotic duty of the leaders of these people in their native lands

to organize a propaganda in order to make known to the would-be immigrants the true conditions of things over here, and to expose the devilish purpose of the "Trust" and the steamship companies, who think only of the profit they can secure, and nothing of the misery they cause by persuading these ignorant people to leave what are, in most cases, peaceful and decent homes in exchange for the inferno of American materialism.

The curse these immigrants bring upon themselves is plainly to be seen, for it is immediate. The curses they bring upon this country are manifold. They form a body of aliens that is incompatible with the healthy growth of this country; it cannot be taken into the circulation and assimilated in any such way as to produce anything like good, or even useful, citizens. That is the first curse. The second, and greater, curse to this country is that these multitudinous aliens do work that should not be done at all and the really useful work they do should be done by natives. These aliens take the work, and therefore the bread, out of the hands and mouths of native Americans who are in sore need, and the question of their means of living must soon become one of the most pressing economic and social problems of the day. The fact that the foreigner is supposed to do all the dirty work has begotten in

the minds of the native American a sort of contempt for any kind of work, and for the person who is content to make haste slowly, in his business or profession, or in the matter of getting money, whatever may be the means. The get-rich-quick spirit is abroad in our land, and such a spirit has no patience with the slow, sure, and honest methods of our fathers.

Immigration has fostered this impatient spirit by enabling the "Trust" to pocket its millions out of the ruin of our natural resources and the degradation of labor; out of trickery, thievery, and philanthropy. Stop immigration and you stop the Trust; and in stopping the Trust you stop the get-rich-quick method of doing business, which is fast undermining the foundations of our country. Stop immigration, and best of all you stop the degradation, the misery, and the de-humanizing of the poor deluded immigrant himself.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that I believe in moderate and homogeneous immigration, for the benefit first and foremost of the immigrant himself. The Anglo Saxon—in fact the branches of the whole Teutonic and Celtic races—are bettered, if not blessed in coming to our shores; and they bring a blessing in their hands for us. Let them come and welcome.

"The Trust" has set the insane and dishonest pace for all business enterprise, and

when the trust is smashed—as smashed it must be sooner or later—we may hope that time may then be given for the rational pursuit of profit and pleasure, as well as the cultivation of the gentle virtues.

We need a great deal of schooling in these and many other matters in order to be able to compete with the highly intelligent enterprises of Europe. Let us be humble and willing to learn from the foreigner, and in time our natural aptitude will place us in as good a position to do the work and business of the world as any other nation.

Let waste and extravagance, in private and public, be recognized for what they really are—products of, and the evidence of, ignorance and depravity—and there will be less of these shameful crimes. Let our women cultivate modesty, economy, and gentleness, and there will be fewer divorces and more marriages. Let our schools and colleges teach the pupil to master at least some one thing, and our intellectual life as a nation will be assured.

If in these pages I have sometimes used the rod unsparingly, I would remind the gentle reader that "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

(THE END)